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Inter-America

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE



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JUNE, 1919

NUMBER 5

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE purpose of INTER-AMERICA is to contribute to the establishment of a community of ideas between all the peoples of America by aiding to overcome the barrier of language, which hitherto has kept them apart. It is issued alternately, one month in Spanish, made up of diversified articles translated from the periodical literature of the United States, and the next month in English, composed of similar articles translated from the periodical literature of the American countries of Spanish or Portuguese speech.

INTER-AMERICA thus serves as a vehicle for the international dissemination of articles already circulated in the several countries. It therefore does not publish original articles, nor make editorial comment. It merely translates what has been previously published, without approving or censuring, in order that the reading public of all the American countries may have access to ideas current in each of them.

INTER-AMERICA is established at the instance of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, one of whose objects is to cultivate friendly feelings between the inhabitants of different countries, and to increase the knowledge and understanding of each other by the several nations.

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¹ Other distinguished gentlemen have been invited to serve on this committee, but their acceptances have not yet been received.

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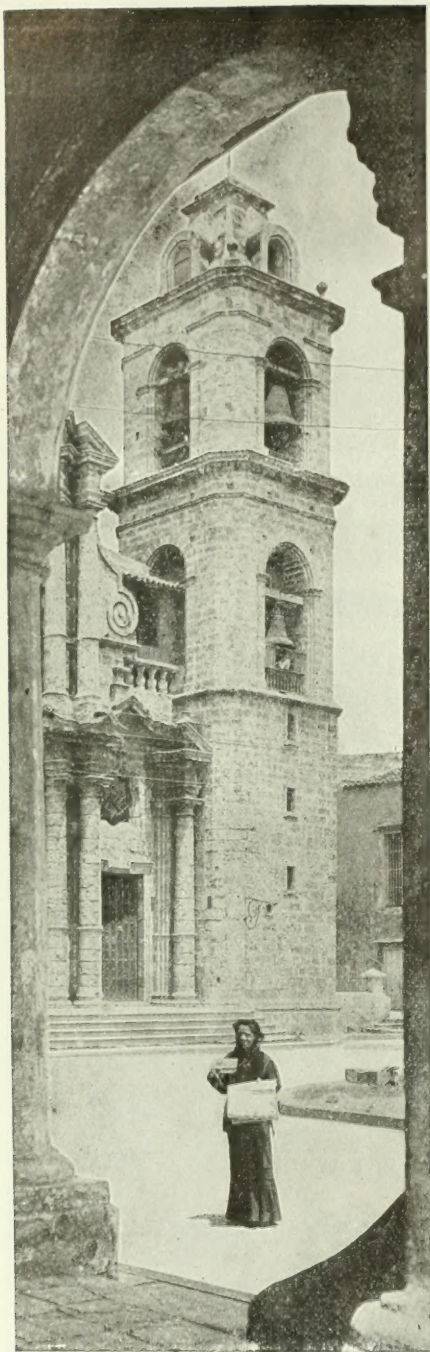
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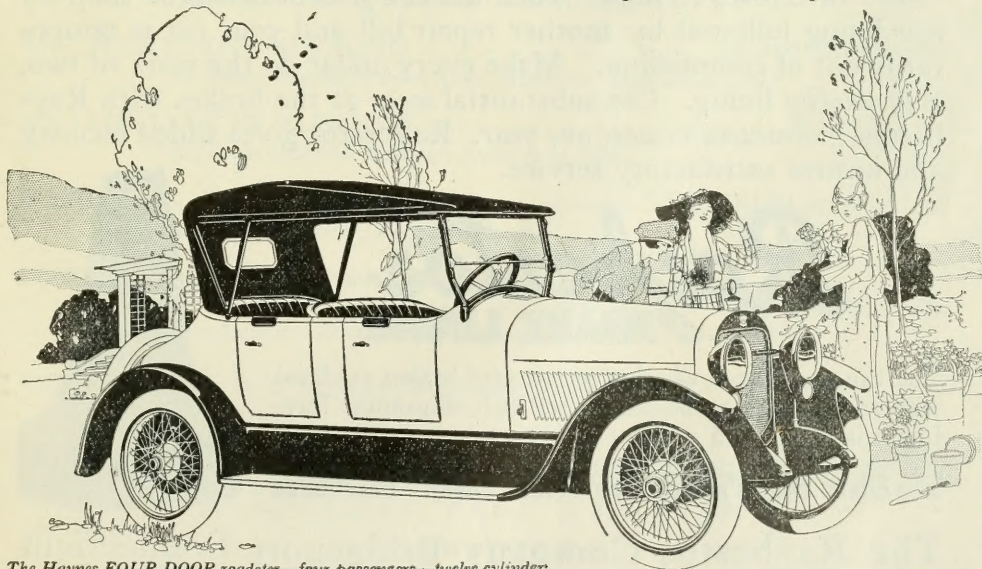
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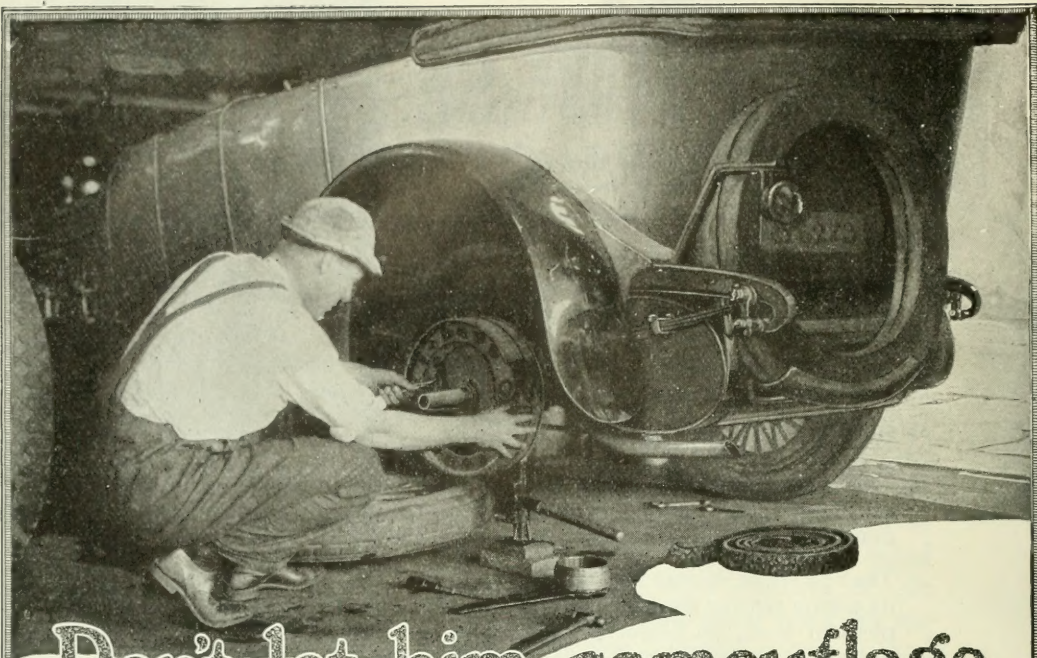
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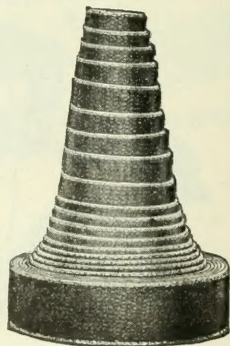
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BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

REGARDING THE AUTHORS OF THE ARTICLES THAT APPEAR IN THIS NUMBER

JESÚS SEMPRUM is a Venezuelan man of letters and the author of many biographical, historical and literary articles, of which his study entitled *Rufino Blanco-Fombona y su obra poética* is a good specimen.

EUSEBIO A. MORALES was born at Sincelejo, Colombia, February, 1866; he studied law at the university of Cartagena, and practised it at Panamá and Colón; he played a prominent part in the isthmian separatist movement; he has served in many important public capacities, among others as minister to the United States; he is the editor and one of the owners of the *Diario de Panamá*.

RAÚL MONTERO BUSTAMANTE was born in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1881; he is a man of letters, historian and professor of American and national history in the Universidad de Montevideo; he has been director of *La Revista Literaria* (1899), of *Vida Moderna* (1899-1911) and of the daily *El Bien* (1910-1913); from 1904 until 1913 he was the literary correspondent of *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires; his literary, critical and historical works fill a number of volumes.

JAVIER PRADO, son of Mariano Ignacio Prado, a former president of Perú, was born in Arequipa, Perú, about fifty years ago; he was educated as a lawyer at the Universidad Mayor de San Marcos; he practised law for a number of years and established a reputation in his profession; he has been professor of modern literature in the Facultad de Letras, and he is now the rector (president) of his Alma Mater; he is the author of numerous works of history, sociology, education and law.

RICARDO ROJAS: see INTER-AMERICA for December, 1918, Biographical Data, page 66.

ALFREDO BAQUERIZO MORENO, lawyer, man of letters and publicist, is the president of Ecuador; he was born in Guayaquil, about sixty years ago; he has served as minister of foreign relations, and minister of Ecuador to Colombia, Cuba and the United States, and as president of the senate and of the supreme court; he is the author of novels, poems and works on international boundaries.

MIGUEL LUIS AMUNÁTEGUI was born in Santiago, Chile, January 11, 1828, he died

there, January 22, 1888; he was a man of letters, historian, statesman, educator, university president and journalist; among the many works of great merit written by him or in collaboration with his brother and life-long fellow-helper, Gregorio Víctor, the following deserve a high place: *La reconquista española* (1851); *Una conspiración en 1780* (1853); *La dictadura de O'Higgins* (1853); *Compendio de la historia política i eclesiástica de Chile* (1856); *Juicio crítico de algunos poetas hispano-americanos* (1861); *Descubrimiento i conquista de Chile* (1862); *Los precursores de la independencia de Chile* (1870-1872), 3 volumes; *El terremoto del 13 de mayo de 1647* (1882); *Vida de don Andrés Bello* (1882); *Apuntaciones lexicográficas* (1885), 3 volumes; *Cuadros antiguos* (1896).

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA, whom a Spanish writer calls "The Polygraph," was born in Caracas, Venezuela, June 17, 1874; he is a novelist, poet, literary critic and director of a publishing house; after a somewhat stormy life in his native land, he has spent the recent years in Europe—since the breaking out of the war, in Spain. Among his works are: *El madrigal de las lágrimas*; *Don Juan*; *Pequeña ópera lírica* (for which Rubén Darío wrote the prologue); *El poeta*; *Patria*; *Trovadores y trovas*; *Cantos de la prisión y del destierro*; *El 19 de abril de 1910*; *El hombre de hierro*; *La lámpara de Aladino*; *Letras y letrados de Hispano-América*; *Grandes escritores de América*; *Cuentos americanos*; *Americanización del mundo*; *Historia de Ignacio Andrade y su gobierno*.

RECTIFICATIONS

By an oversight we failed to give credit on the title-page of the April, 1919, number of INTER-AMERICA to *Nosotros*, of Buenos Aires, for the article entitled: "Spanish-American Literature as Judged by a Spanish Writer," by Alberto Insúa; and to *Fray Mocho*, of Buenos Aires, for the editorial entitled: "Theodore Roosevelt."

In foot-note 2, on page 242 of the April, 1919, number of INTER-AMERICA, alluding to the señor Pérez Triana, we said that he was "a Venezuelan journalist." We should have said "Colombian," as he was a native of Colombia who came of a very distinguished family.

THE NEW MEN AND THE OLD WORLD

BY

JESÚS SEMPRUM

A vivid description, in an allegorical style, of the gradual realization in the United States of the true significance of the great war, of the spirit in which our people accepted the call, and of the effect of our army's arrival at the front. According to the author, "in the heart of Caesar there is a rankling and incurable ulcer . . . that of having fashioned with his own hands the most enduring Shield of Justice, the most tremendous Sword of Democracy: that of having set before the eyes of the New Men of America the magic mirror in which they gaze at the irresistibility of their Power and the marvelousness of their Destiny." He concludes that the United States has been unjustly painted by the caricaturists, and that "as the deceptive mist fades away, our eyes, filled with the limpid grace of comprehension, behold the Uncle of the *Big Stick* transformed into an heroic paladin.—THE EDITOR.

I

IMMERSED in the occupations of industry, the New Man hardly has time to scan the horizon, big with storms. Yet his leaders shout in his ear, with a loud voice that carries above the doleful thunder of the cannon: "Prepare!"

The New Man smiles with an easy smile filled with peaceful sweetness. Europe is a remote continent whose discords do not concern him. With redoubled zeal he surrenders himself to the fury of his laborious effort. The noise of his work is so tremendous that it smothers the vast clamor of the Old World in convulsions. In the Old World, the Monarch of the ancient soil says, in the presence of his courtiers, who make obeisance of approval:

"What those New Men are interested in is in selling the products of their factories, and nothing more.. Let us sink their vessels laden with howitzers for the enemy; let us drown their citizens who travel; let us blow up their ammunition factories. When the New Men see that we proceed with energy, they will shrink and crawl into a shoe. They have not the temperament of soldiers, nor the tradition, nor the organization, nor anything. They are wanting in national cohesion. They will not stand up before more than two thrusts of the Empire. Let us declare an unrestricted submarine war."

In Washington, the Chief of the New Men was busy thinking: "Behold now, we shall lose our happiness, our liberty and our future, if the Monarch accomplishes his feudal dream. It will be necessary for us to go to war. It will be necessary for the New Men to *wish* to go to war."

He began then a campaign of perorations that were like waged battles. The New Men, absorbed in their tranquil dreams and their feverish labors, did not quickly lend ear or obedience; but the words of the Preacher were as audacious as an assault, as energetic as hammer strokes, as luminous as a meteor on a black night. One by one the workers dropped their tools and stopped to listen to the serene and honest words that invited them to abandon their work of the moment, in order to devote themselves to the great Work of the Future. For a long time the Preacher went sowing upon the wandering winds the seed of Duty. At the end of some months, the People, convinced, awaited orders at the foot of the tribune.

"We ought to declare war," concluded the Preacher in a firm voice.

And all the multitude of men who were listening to him said, like one who performs a sacred duty:

"We will declare it."

In innumerable crowds they ran to grasp the rifle, after laying down the tool of labor. That rifle was the glorious implement of Liberty.

II

The Monarch smiled disdainfully at the youthful enthusiasm of the New Men. His submarine machines were ridding the seas of keels. His balloons and his airships sowed terror even in the Capital of the hostile Great Island. His soldiers were masters of the steppe and the sad dwellers therein. The Emperor's good Fortune was like a sun in the Ascendent. His armies, thrown forward upon the offensive, like marvelous dragons vomiting fire, were nearing the Channel, Amiens, Châlons, Paris. The generals of the Empire said of the New Men, pityingly: "When they arrive, it will be too late. . . ."

III

"When they arrive, it will be too late!"

It was the echo of the same words, not now ironically, but saturated with mortal anguish, which lashed the spirit like a branch of poisonous thorns, like the voice of a gloomy oracle. Would the New Men come too late to the struggle for the Future?

We know, however, that there, in the distant North, beings were toiling with a methodical rush, ready for the future, prepared for all coming emergencies. Transports plowed the seas conveying soldiers, while at their side dashed, swift as fishes, sharp as knives, the knot-devouring destroyers. It was "the bridge of boats" across the ocean, the bridge that bound with a cordial bond new America and ancient Europe. Aboard the ships went soldiers, cannon, rifles, howitzers, machine-guns, tins of preserves, and besides, the Idea.

The Monarch, perchance, had soldiers and cannon and cartridges, but the Idea went forth a fugitive from his campaign. When he thought he held it fast in his grip, as a hunter seizes a dove, it turned to smoke. The Monarch's people, disturbed and puzzled, began to ask themselves:

"Where is the Idea of our Master, our Idea?"

The Monarch said to the Marshals and to the Princes and to the Ministers and to the Chamberlains:

"If we obtain the Victory, we shall present to them our Conquering Eagle, and our people will think that it is the Idea Incarnate."

IV

Therefore men died by the thousand, from Nieuport to the black Vosges. An advance here, another there, thousands of prisoners, hundreds of cannon; but the Channel ports continued to be denied them: Amiens and Châlons and Paris unattainable in the distance. The tired chargers went so far as to drink the fateful waters of the Marne.

Suddenly the wind of wrath blows against the Monarch's hosts. In the front rank fight with skilful daring the New Men, like veterans seasoned in long campaigns. Without knowing the whips of the sergeants, the destroyers of free will, without having lived cowered by the yoke of minute and iron discipline, without calling themselves the favorites of the Most High, Pershing's Men pursue the veteran conquerors of the world and throw them back upon the Moselle, astound them with their numbers, their strength, their simple and serene valor. They went forward at a quick and measured pace, and under their feet the soil of France quivered in the joy of liberation.

The New Men had arrived in time!

V

It was because they had a pure Ideal. Benignant Destiny willed that those who had least material interests involved in it should decide the war. The Dominating Word of the President explained to the New Men that the future of Liberty and of Democracy was in peril, and they marched bravely to the field of battle. Ancient Britain defended her Empire and her maritime power; France and Italy their integrity; the New Men defended their ideal, the dictates of their consciences, the good of all, the spiritual heritage, the right of coming men to breathe with sovereign lungs in the atmosphere of the earth. Because they were building a dwelling worthy of the future humanity, they had been called materialists. It was necessary for them to abandon their handi-

work as builders in order that they might come forth from the cloud in which the preparation of the home for the new humanity involved them, like an Archangel from the bosom of a disguised Avernus. The sword of the Archangel in their hands is the club with which numerous caricaturists painted them; as the deceptive mist fades away, our eyes, filled with the limpid grace of comprehension, behold the Uncle of the *Big Stick*¹ transfigured into an heroic paladin.

He works, and the soil teems with fabulous harvests; and the earth opens its light arteries of metal and its black veins of coal; and the air swarms with mechanical birds; and the sea boils, churned by the mad propellers; and the cities rise suddenly, as in the stories of the Fairies.

He prays, and the whole world prostrates itself upon its knees at his side, imbued with his Faith.

He discourses, and men admire the expansive and consoling virtue of Hope.

¹English in the original.—THE EDITOR

He fights, and the most formidable empire of History falls apart under the blows of his sword of a novice warrior.

VI

Therefore in the heart of Caesar there is a rankling and incurable ulcer, more painful than that of having consolidated the British empire and restored France and completed Italy and redeemed the Slav and destroyed the Sublime Porte: and it is that of having fashioned with his own hands the most enduring Shield of Justice, the most tremendous Sword of Democracy: that of having set before the eyes of the New Men of America the magic mirror in which they can gaze at the irresistibility of their Power and the marvelousness of their Destiny.

For, without the mad enterprise of Berlin, who knows how many years would have delayed in dawning upon the confused soul of the Americans the revelation of their own grandeur!



THE PANAMÁ CANAL AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY

EUSEBIO A. MORALES

A dispassionate and timely discussion of the ownership of the canal, as related to the United States, to the republic of Panamá, to the rest of America and to the world, in the light of whatever new international policy may be derived from a league of nations. The author, writing as a Panaman, concludes his appeal to his own people thus: "Our purpose has been to present to the consideration and study of those who are interested in the welfare of our country the data and suggestions that, in our opinion, may be used in the present state of the world, and to call very especially the attention of all Panamans to the fact that this may be the only opportunity that will be presented to Panamá in the course of her whole life for attempting successfully to solve the problem of her true existence as a sovereign state with ideals of her own."—THE EDITOR.

I

A LAW of the congress of the United States, entitled *The Panamá Canal Act*, and signed by President Taft, August 24, 1912, established, for vessels of that country engaged in the coast trade, exemption of tolls for the use of the canal, it being led to adopt this measure by the platform or program which enabled the democratic party to obtain the victory in the presidential election of that year.

Great Britain deemed this measure contrary to the stipulations of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and she presented insistent and energetic protests to the American government against it, until finally, at the solicitation of President Wilson, in a memorable message read before the two houses, it rescinded the act of exemption.

The discussions that took place in the congress and press of the United States over the bill for the abrogation of the law were more heated than instructive and interesting. It was then that there was expressed for the first time the idea of internationalizing the Panamá canal, that is, the idea that the United States should surrender the administration and exploitation of the waterway, as an undertaking exclusively her own, and transfer it to the community of nations, to be managed by an international board, and used upon terms of absolute equality by all the peoples.

The great war came, and during it

naturally no statesman was going to devote his energies to the study of a problem whose solution would depend mainly upon the result of the war. If Germany should impose her will upon France and England, no human power could prevent the canal from being German. The war has had a happy outcome, and therefore the question of the great international highways may be settled upon terms of justice and equity for all the nations.

The theme is worthy to be studied by the Panamans with interest and with loftiness of view; and in order to stimulate such study, we are going to set forth in successive articles certain interesting data and observations, a knowledge of which is indisputable for forming a clear conception of the question.

Recently there was organized in the state of Massachusetts an association called The League of Free Nations of Massachusetts, and its first act was to send to President Wilson a telegram of congratulation upon having decided to attend the peace conference in person, in order to uphold international justice and the league of free nations. On that occasion, Professor Edwin V. Gay, of Harvard university, expressed his idea "that in order to obtain from a league of nations all the desired benefits, each nation would have to make great sacrifices. Among the sacrifices that could be demanded of the United States," he went on to say, "are to be found her renunciation of the control of the Panamá canal, the settlement of Colombia's claims and the suppression

of special concessions for trade with the Philippines."

Professor Gay has therefore been the first, since the conclusion of the war, to present for discussion a subject of vital importance to us. He merits our gratitude.

II

The construction of the canal across the isthmus of Panamá, which means an investment of a capital sum of four hundred million dollars; the immense development of navigation by means of fast steamers; the cultivation of the banana and of sugar-cane, whose products find their best market in the United States; the commercial and economic prospects of the American states of the Pacific and of the nations of the Far East: all these factors, combined with others of less importance, have united to produce a fundamental change in the international policy of the United States. Until a few years ago, the Monroe doctrine was little else than a simple academic question, discussed by university professors and by undergraduates seeking degrees, with the same speculative spirit with which they would have treated the categorical imperative of Kant or the pragmatism of James. The Panamá canal has changed all this. Until 1914, it might have been said with reason that the United States had no definite international policy of any kind, either in respect of Europe or of Asia or America. It may be said to-day that she is now beginning to have one, originating in and derived from the Monroe doctrine, as an inevitable consequence of the new situation created in the Caribbean sea by the construction of the canal. The Monroe doctrine has to-day two modalities, two phases, two aspects: one of them is active, practical, concrete, with respect to the nations bathed by the Caribbean sea; the other, merely passive, abstract, almost indifferent, in respect of the more remote nations of South America.

It is worthy of attention that in this new attitude of the United States there has been absolutely no studied design, no traditional harmony with any former thought of her statesmen. The facts themselves, with formidable pressure, have

molded compulsively and finally the conduct of that country. What has happened, for example, with Santo Domingo and Haiti? These two countries, victims of frequent and destructive revolutions, were about to be involved in serious conflicts with certain European powers for failing to comply with solemn engagements, and the United States had to settle this urgent problem. Would she permit the creditor countries, Germany among them, to occupy the island of Santo Domingo under pretext of collecting their debts? The answer was obvious. She would have to prevent it in the name of the Monroe doctrine, and the way to do it was to make of herself a mediator between the creditors and the debtors. To this end it was necessary to intervene in the disordered finances of those nations, in order to assure the fulfilment of just obligations. Was there in all this a design, prepared and premeditated for a long time, as some hold? No; because to thwart and destroy the design, two things that did not depend upon any one except the Haitians and Dominicans were necessary: not to have revolutions and to pay their debts punctually.

The process of the new American policy in the Caribbean has therefore been the following: the Panamá canal is a work constructed for the benefit of universal commerce, and the United States, as the constructor, owner and administrator of it, is interested that it shall always be kept effective, free of dangers and open to the access and use of all the peoples. The Caribbean region is a zone of danger, because the canal is at a distance of forty-eight hours of navigation from the most remote points that surround this sea. Every condition that may give ground for the occupation of any territory in that region by a European power is a peril for the free use of the canal and a violation of the Monroe doctrine. It concerns and interests the United States that such risks and emergencies shall not occur, and therefore instinctively she has endeavored to cause the countries near the canal to maintain order; therefore also she insists that in them there shall be established effectively and quickly the fruitful work of moral, physical and economic sanitation.

In view of this necessity and of nothing else have been inspired the conduct and the efforts of the United States during recent years. Is the result of the war going to change this condition in any respect? We think it is, if there is success in forming a league of nations

III

In Walter Lippmann's book, *The Stakes of Diplomacy*, which we cited some time ago in this magazine, there is a chapter entitled "Arenas of Friction" in which the grounds of conflict between the industrial and commercial nations of all times are analyzed with profound sagacity. The fundamental grounds, in the author's opinion, are these: the distribution of uninhabited or thinly inhabited territories, to which is given the name of colonies, and which are desirable because they contain the raw materials essential to industry; the artificial creation of spheres of influence over weak peoples in order to exploit them commercially and industrially in an almost exclusive manner; and finally the existence of backward countries, which constitute a prize easy to capture and devour.

Lippmann wrote his work in 1915, when the participation of the United States in the war was not yet imminent and when the question of forming a league of nations was not yet agitated as a present problem; and, nevertheless, the solution he proposes for the suppression of the causes of conflict that we have enumerated is an anticipation of the idea of a league. These are his words:

The important point is that there should be in existence permanent international commissions to deal with those spots of the earth where world crises originate. How many there should be need not be suggested here. There should have been one for Morocco, for the Congo, for the Balkan peninsula, perhaps for Manchuria; there may have to be one for Constantinople and for certain countries facing the Caribbean sea. Such international governing bodies are needed wherever the prizes are great, the territory is unorganized and the competition active.

We hold that in the modern world there is no disputable prize greater than the

Panamá canal. Our isthmus is the architrave of the universal commerce of future ages, and therefore it unquestionably constitutes one of the most dangerous areas of friction for the new era that is dawning. Our deep conviction is that if there be not now established the definite and enduring peace that all the nations demand, and if a league of nations that can count upon the indisputable power and force to prevent wars be not created, we shall have obtained nothing as the lesson of the terrible sacrifice which humanity has witnessed and suffered for four years; and preparations more formidable than ever will begin anew for another war. Between whom, we shall be asked? We answer, without fear of being mistaken: The future war will have as its determining cause the control of the isthmus of Panamá and the possession of the canal; and in it will appear in opposing camps the United States and England.

Is it worth while or is it not worth while to suppress this area of friction?

IV

As the Panamá canal is one of the dangerous points for universal peace, one of the areas of friction between the commercial and industrial aspirations of many powerful nations, its situation, its possibilities and its use can not fail to be considered in the arrangements that are going to have as their object the establishment of a solid and durable world peace.

If President Wilson's ideas and his plans for peace merit, as it is obvious they do merit, the careful and benevolent consideration of the powers that have played a leading part in the war, the idea of a league of nations will be accepted in some form by France, England and Italy. The existence of such an institution is of essential importance for all the small and weak countries, and it is so for Panamá more than for any other country, because of its occupying the strategic position which it enjoys: a narrow strip of land between two great oceans, with a canal already constructed and in service within it.

The existence of President Wilson's plans for peace will compel the United States to adopt a policy of sacrifice and

renunciation for the benefit of universal harmony.

The failure of these plans will produce the effect of causing the United States to withdraw from all participation or interest in European questions that limit her influence and her power.

This dilemma is perfectly understood in Europe, and therefore the answers given on different occasions to the celebrated fourteen points of the American peace program have been satisfactory, both on the part of the governments of the nations and on the part of the labor parties.

Regarding international highways, President Wilson said, in his address of January 8:

12. The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guaranties.

To this point Lloyd George replied:

The maintenance of the Turkish empire in the native territories of the Turkish race, with its capital at Constantinople; the internationalization and neutralization of the passage between the Mediterranean and the Black seas; the recognition of separate national conditions to Arabia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria and Palestine.

The Bolsheviks, directed by Trotzky, proposed in the Brest-Litovsk conferences, as one of the bases of peace, the following:

Autonomy for Turkish Armenia, neutralization of all the maritime straits that communicate with inland seas, including the Suez and Panamá canals.

No sooner will the ideas of Wilson's program with reference to the Turkish empire and the Dardanelles begin to be discussed than there will not be wanting those who will remark: "It is well that we do in respect of the Dardanelles what President Wilson says; but what shall we do with the Suez canal, what with the Panamá canal, what with international rivers? What new

international doctrine ought to be established with regard to the great rivers that are commercial arteries of indisputable importance?" In this emergency, what will President Wilson say? Will it be possible for him to say: "The Panamá canal is ours, and we will not permit it to be discussed?" I think that impossible. What, finally, will be said by the nation that has her very existence bound up with the canal, and that is compelled to run with it the risks and the dangers? That is the question.

V

Our remarks regarding the internationalization of the canal ought not to be taken to mean that we give special preference to an administration directed by an international commission rather than to a management purely American, like the present one. We do nothing more than behold the situation presented by the war just as it is in reality and as in our conception it is going to present itself at the peace conference. If President Wilson asks the powers that have paramount interests in the Black sea and whatever nation that shall succeed the Turks in sovereignty and control over the Dardanelles to open the strait to the use of all the peoples, with international guaranties, which is the same as saying, under an international administration, he himself is the one who presents the question of the Panamá canal; since there would be no plausible reason for applying to it or to these two ways a rule different from that applicable to the Dardanelles. The only apparent reason would be that of dealing with artificial works whose cost has been paid, in one case, by the treasury of the United States, and in the other, by a private company. Such a reason, however, would never be alleged by President Wilson, as he has been considering the affairs of the war and of peace upon a very lofty plane, finding his inspiration in ideas of justice and not in pecuniary considerations.

We may consider it certain therefore that the question of the Dardanelles is going to render it necessary that in the peace conference there shall be resolved and adopted some clear and permanent

international policy respecting the Panamá and the Suez canals. What will be the bases of that policy?

Let us examine the point.

We have already called attention to the ideas expressed by President Wilson, by the English prime minister, Lloyd George, by Trotzky and by Professor Gay regarding the internationalization and neutralization of straits and canals, and in this part of our observations it is proper to explain, although briefly, the meaning of these words in the present state of international relations.

The conventional neutrality of a territory is the absolute exclusion of its use for purposes of war or for military preparations. The conventional neutrality of a strait, a canal or any river or maritime highway whatsoever is exactly the contrary: it is the free use of the waterway, in peace and in war, by all nations, without favor to any.

The internationalization of a territory can be nothing else than the temporary suspension or the absolute voidance of the rights and powers of the sovereign nation, and the acquisition and exercise of them by the society of nations or by a group of nations jointly interested. To internationalize a strait, a canal or a river is to put any one of them under the government and administration of an international agency that shall not depend especially upon any state and that shall receive the support of each.

The neutrality of the Suez and Panamá canals has been the cause of discussions and negotiations that have lasted many years and that have culminated in the following international agreements:

1. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty, celebrated between the United States and Great Britain, April 19, 1850, and whose complete title is as follows: "A convention between the United States and Great Britain to facilitate and protect the construction of a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and for other purposes."

2. The treaty known by the name of convention of the Suez canal, signed in Constantinople, October 29, 1888, between Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Spain,

France, Italy, Holland, Russia and Turkey.

3. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty, signed in Washington, November, 18, 1901, between the United States and Great Britain, and whose simple title runs thus: "Treaty between the United States and Great Britain to facilitate the construction of a ship canal."

4. The Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty, which we know here quite well, and whose consequences we are feeling every day.

In these four conventions have been inscribed clauses relating to the neutrality of the two canals that are worthy to be recalled at the present moment.

VI

As we have already remarked, the word neutrality, as applied to certain highways of navigation (not to all), has a different meaning from, and one ordinarily contrary to, the idea that is involved in the same word as applied to any territories. It has been an indisputable mistake to use the same word to express such different ideas. Thus, when certain powers have agreed upon the neutralization of a city, like Cracow, or of particular territories, like Luxemburg or the Ionian islands, or of an entire country, like Belgium, the clear and precise idea is that these entities must be absolutely respected and that within their jurisdictional bounds no act of war shall be effected. The same meaning has been given to the word in the case of the Black sea, which was neutralized by the treaty of Paris, and in the case of the lower Danube, neutralized also by the treaty of Paris and by later conventions, especially by the treaty of Berlin, in which the destruction of all existing fortifications on its banks and along its course was stipulated.

Regarding the Suez and the Panamá canals, however, and the strait of Magellan, the thought has not been one of restriction or prohibition, but, on the contrary, of complete liberty in their use; and only by an inexplicable confusion has it been possible to give the name of neutrality to what ought to be called freedom. If these waterways were really neutral, no belligerent might use them with his ships of war; but what has been desired is ex-

actly the contrary, that is, to establish as a fundamental principle that such ways may be used by all countries, even when they are in a state of war.

In respect of what concerns Panamá, the canal treaty says:

The canal, when constructed and the entrances thereto, shall be neutral in perpetuity, and shall be opened upon the terms provided for by section 1 of article III of, and in conformity with all the stipulations of the treaty entered into by the governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901.

Article III, rule 1, of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, which is the one mentioned in the article just quoted, says:

The United States adopts, as the basis of the neutralization of such ship canal, the following rules, substantially as embodied in the convention of Constantinople, signed October 28, 1888, for the free navigation of the Suez canal, that is to say:

1. The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable.

Regarding the use of the canal by belligerent war vessels, the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty says nothing, but the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is clear and specific: the United States is obliged to permit the use of the canal to belligerents upon the basis of complete equality, with the usual restriction in these cases that the ships of a belligerent may not leave the canal except when twenty-four hours have elapsed after a vessel of another belligerent shall have departed. Also the United States is obliged to exact that belligerent vessels shall pass through the canal with the least possible delay.

Here arises, however, a new problem, more grave and intricate than all the problems we have considered. What will the United States be able to do or what ought she to do when she is a belligerent? Will she extend even to her enemies the freedom of use and equality of treatment prescribed in the conventions we have just

examined? The point is clear with reference to the Suez canal, as the convention established in its article IV that the canal may be used even by belligerents at war with the Ottoman empire. In the fundamental agreements relative to the Panamá canal, however, there is silence regarding this important question, and only by inference can we arrive at the conclusion that the United States will not accept in any case the rule that governs in respect of the Suez canal. This deduction we make in view of the treaties celebrated in 1909 between the United States, Panamá and Colombia.

In the treaty between the United States and Colombia, known by the name of the Root-Cortés treaty, is found this article:

The republic of Colombia shall have liberty at all times to convey through the ship canal now in course of construction by the United States across the isthmus of Panamá the troops, materials of war and ships of war of the republic of Colombia, without paying any duty to the United States; even in the case of an international war between Colombia and another country.

The foregoing provisions of this article shall not, however, apply in case of war between Colombia and Panamá.¹

This treaty, as is well known, was not approved by Colombia, but it serves us, nevertheless, as a means of knowing what are the possible limitations that the principle of the free use of the canal unquestionably has. If, in the case of war with Panamá, a belligerent may not use this waterway, it would be a great manifestation of ingenuousness to suppose that a country at war with the United States might, nevertheless, use it.

What has gone before, taken with certain corroborative facts, such as the prohibition in 1898 of the use of the Suez canal to the Spanish squadron during the war between the United States and Spain, demonstrates to us that the so-called neutrality of the Suez and Panamá canals is not the technical neutrality described in the books of law and applied to war on land: it is a different concept, the concept of freedom of use limitable at the

¹Portions of article II of the treaty.—THE EDITOR.

will of the power that is in possession of these waterways. This restrictive faculty is a formidable instrument in the modern economic world, and hence the interest that many countries have in the neutralization of canals and other similar passages.

VII

If a league of nations becomes organized in any effective manner that will guarantee, or will justify us in hoping for, a permanent peace, the neutralization of any territory or of a navigable waterway of the character of the Dardanelles or the Suez or Panamá canal, will not find insuperable obstacles. The existence of a league will be in itself the best guaranty that the interested nations can desire in order to guard against external damages and dangers. Hitherto, international life has been a life of suspicions, fears, chicanery and effort to obtain and confirm advantages, to the detriment of competitors, of neighbors and even of friends. The new international life ought to be a life of reciprocal coöperation and helpfulness between all the nations, of harmony and conciliation between their interests and of friendly or judicial solution of their conflicts. This fundamental basis of the new order being established, no state will be afraid to deliver to the society or league in which it participates as a member the instruments that may have the greatest influence for the general welfare. It would acquire or retain no advantage by keeping its rights unshared; it would receive no damage by sharing the exercise of them.

It is clear therefore that if a league comes into existence, thanks to the initiative and the wise labors of President Wilson, what is probable is that there will become generalized in the world the new formula for internationalizing the disputed or disputable territories that we have already called areas of friction, certain railways and all the straits and canals of international traffic.

Regarding the ways of communication, the idea is not new, and there is an example of it worthy of mention: the internationalization of the Danube from its mouths in the Black sea to the Iron Gates. The

Danube washes in its course several countries: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Serbia and Rumania. Its navigation would necessarily be a source of endless conflicts; and at last, in 1856, there was constituted the International Danube Navigation Commission, composed of representatives of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, and it took charge of the construction of certain works necessary for the navigation of the river. That primitive commission has been replaced, in compliance with later agreements in which Serbia and Rumania have participated, by another commission that administers whatever has to do with the navigation of the river, collects the tolls and constructs the necessary engineering works, without being subject to any of the countries that share in the arrangement. The management of that international commission has always been irreproachable.

Unquestionably it would be for the good of Panamá that the canal should be managed by a commission like that of the Danube, not because we consider the American administration deficient, but because the intervention of elements of other countries would permit Panaman interests to be studied from different points of view, and not from one point only, as at present. Panamá is not the essential consideration, however. What is essential is that the league of nations shall be established; that this league shall assume, as is natural, the obligation which the United States now bears alone, of guaranteeing the independence and sovereignty of the country, and that, in view of this new situation, which leaves without effect the fundamental clause of the canal treaty, the two countries should be obliged to celebrate a new treaty that would concede to the United States all that may be just and necessary for the protection of her interests, but that would at the same time be equitable for the Panamans.

In this period of universal reparations, when the whole world is engaged in correcting errors and abuses and when all the statesmen are crying out for the reign of justice among the nations, the effort that the Panamans may make to obtain also a part

of the sun in the new day that is beginning for all peoples ought neither to be viewed with distrust nor to be considered as a demonstration of ill will.

In writing this series of articles², we have not thought to produce a methodical work and one subject to a preconceived order. Our purpose has been to present to the consideration and study of those who are interested in the welfare of our country the data and suggestions that, in our opin-

ion, may be used in the present state of the world and to call very especially the attention of all Panamans to the fact that this may be the only opportunity that will be presented to Panamá in the course of her whole life for attempting successfully to solve the problem of her true existence as a sovereign state with ideals of its own. If this opportunity is not improved, Panamans ought to begin to prepare to lose the little they possess to-day, since their inactivity will be interpreted as consent and their silence as an absolute submission to the fatal powers that destroy and wipe out even the memory of peoples without vigor, without faith and without ideals.

²These articles were published as editorials in the *Diario de Panamá*, in a series running from December 22 until December 31, 1918.



BRUNO MAURICIO DE ZABALA

THE FOUNDER OF MONTEVIDEO

BY

RAÚL MONTERO BUSTAMANTE

A sketch of one who played an important part in the courts and upon the battle-fields of his native Spain and of other European countries, which fitted him admirably for a useful and conspicuous career in America, where he spent his later years, engaged in the development of Buenos Aires and the settlements along the southern side of the Río de la Plata, and in the Spanish colonization of the northeastern shore, which culminated in the founding of Montevideo. The author shows that "the city of generous experiments" had a worthy beginning and a soundly constituted municipal organization.—THE EDITOR.

HIS excellency the señor don Bruno Mauricio de Zabala, knight of the Order of Calatrava, lieutenant general of the royal armies of his Catholic majesty and governor and captain-general of the provinces of Buenos Aires in these lands of the Indies, in the name of his sovereign and lord, don Felipe V of Spain, founded, in 1726, the city of San Felipe de Montevideo, first, as a prison, afterward as a fortified place, and finally, as a civil and military government, when the Spanish power along the Río de la Plata fell.

This don Bruno Mauricio de Zabala was a renowned patriot. Among the hidalgos who came from Spain to the Indies in the eighteenth century to serve the government of Buenos Aires, no one surpassed him in brilliancy, valor and enterprise.

In token of the glory of his lineage there stand the Zabala arms, carved in stone upon the keystone of the portal to the ancient house of the knights of this family, which still exists in Durango de Vizcaya, the town where the founder first saw the light of day, October 6, 1682. Governors, warriors, inquisitors and mitred heads lent renown to this rich Vizcayan strain, whose union with the families of Ibáñez, Cortázar, Churruca and Olano, gave wealthy magnates and illustrious leaders to the kingdom.

His courage is attested by his extensive campaigns in Europe and America and the arm he lost in the siege of Lérida, which gained for him the sobriquet of "silver-handed;" and his enterprise is

proven by the government of his province in the Indies, the longest and most brilliant of the colonial period.

A gallant figure was that of don Bruno. "He was very thick set and corpulent," said Father Lozano,¹ but Father Cayetano Cattáneo, a member of the Society of Jesús, who saw him and had dealings with him about 1720, idealized these summary details with the following brief portrait:

Although his form is not gigantic, Bruno Mauricio de Zabala is of lofty stature; he has a well proportioned body; he is arrogant without presumption; and he has the majestic presence of a prince. The only thing is that he lacks half of his right arm, which he lost during one of the many battles in which he took part in Europe while fighting against the enemies of his country or of his king. This lack, however, does not occasion him any deformity, except that it sooner and more readily predisposes in his favor, as it is an authentic token of his courage. In order not to go about maimed, he has remedied the defect mentioned by another forearm and hand of silver, which, as a general thing, he carries in a sling.²

Don Pastor Obligado has given color to Father Cattáneo's portrait by means of these vivid strokes:

Tall, stout, with abundant black, curly hair, a twisted mustache, a majestic carriage, he was one of the handsomest soldiers of his period. Thus he is evoked, with ample wig and court dress, like Rigaud's courtiers, figures in which the rudeness of the soldier is

¹Lozano: *Historia de las revoluciones*, page 455.

²*La Revista de Buenos Aires*, 1866.

mingled with the refined elegance required in the antechambers of the palace.

Zabala partook of both qualities, like a good son of the times: he was a soldier and a courtier. He was born at the end of the seventeenth century, just a few months before the birth at Versailles of the duke of Anjou, who became his king.

Providence brought him into the world at a critical moment for Spain. The age of gold was on the decline; Velázquez had died twenty years before; Murillo had just closed his eyes for ever; Calderón de la Barca was still living; but Spain was falling into hopeless decadence. The sun of Austria had set; the empire of Carlos V was beginning to be shattered by the wars of succession; the bounds of the empire were being restricted; society descended into ignorance and superstition; art was in the throes of death; the pupils of Bernini and Churriguera were forgetting the tradition of Juan de Toledo and Juan de Herrera; the schools of Madrid and Sevilla had left no successors; cultism plunged the language and literature into amphilogy and verbal quibble; the Spanish soul, exhausted, seemed near the point of death. If he had been born twenty years earlier, Zabala would have partaken of that crabbed humor that made all the Spaniards of the generation which preceded that of the Vizcayan hidalgo somber, ignorant and brutal soldiers, fitted only for war and adventures of the broadsword and lance. Protected during his childhood, however, by the Basque mountains, the crisis of the kingdom was weathered when, young and proud of his pedigree, he came to the court to pay homage to Felipe V of Spain and to offer him his knightly sword.

His gentlemanliness, youth and strength were worth a fortune to him at court, where from his youth he belonged to the noble guard. When Felipe V entered Madrid, Zabala was eighteen years old, the age in which ideas are fixed and tendencies defined, and in which character assumes definite form.

With the Bourbons, the breath of a new life penetrated Spain. The somber court of the Austrias had to open its doors to

French merriment. Those gentlemen who came by way of the Pyrenees were also soldiers that knew how to fight with daring, but they brought, besides, elegance, grace, spirituality and even somewhat of the license of Louis XIV's court. The peninsula must feel the fresh breeze from the north. Spain renewed then her heroic cycle: kingdoms were reconquered and war was waged with success. At the same time, society became possessed of new energies. A revival of taste was timidly begun. Baroque artists yielded to French sobriety and grace, and the heavy entablatures were transformed into delicate fantasies that revived the plateresque period with its light and fragile decorations that little by little sprang from friezes, cornices and archivolts to give back to them the pure line of the classic styles.

No longer was this renaissance presided over by the austere imagination of Juan de Toledo, but rather by the airy grace of Jean Goujon and Perrault. From France came the followers of Rigaud, Landi, Lebrun and Puget to enliven the palace with canvases and statues of a slightly gallant and licentious taste. At the same time, Tiepolo³ brought from Italy the easy Venetian voluptuousness. Spain was then dotted with the works of a somewhat frivolous art that had neither the solidity nor the greatness of the period of Velázquez, but which stimulated the imagination of the race and opened up new enterprises to it. At that time the king founded the Academia de San Fernando; and the Italian and French poets, in passing through the sieve of the Spanish soul, gave rise to the new forms that Luzán was to incarnate in his *Arte poética*.⁴

In twenty years, Spain renewed her bark. The breeze of the restoration penetrated minds, and the court of the seventeenth century, in spite of the tasks of war, began to delight in mirth and laughter. Austerity yielded to spirituality, and those hard, somber soldiers and those grave and reticent dames painted by Sanchez Coelho

³Giovanni Battista Tiepolo: born in Venice, March 5, 1793; he is said to have died in Madrid, March 25, 1769.—THE EDITOR.

⁴Ignacio Luzán (1693-1754), a Spanish poet and man of letters, born in Zaragoza.—THE EDITOR.

and Alonso Cano were changed into ingenious courtiers and gracious and attractive figures.

Character, forms, sociality, dress and conversation were transformed. Isabel de Farnesio brought from Parma French finesse and Italian vivacity, according to the words of Frederick II. Cardinal Alberoni imported also a feeling for the sumptuousness and the spirit of intrigue of the small Italian kings. The Spanish imagination, touched by so many stimulants, awoke again, and then it was possible to see at the court of the Catholic kings a copy of the court of France.

Such was the environment in which the exceptional faculties of Zabala were developed. In that chivalresque court, he felt born within him, along with his vigor as a soldier, the admirable gifts of the subtle diplomat, which he was to use with success later in conquering the indigenes and rebels, in counteracting the efforts of the king of Portugal's vassals and in evading the demands of his own monarch when he thought them improper for the success of his cause in America.

in the midst of this movement of renewal, the youth of the noble Vizcayan was passed. His character, sentiments and ideas were subject to the influence of this environment, half heroic, half gallant, in which his ambition for glory and his habits as a great lord found a propitious field.

Before he had reached the age of twenty, he was already a perfect man of the court and a valiant soldier, capable of standing guard in the royal antechamber and of chatting wittily with maids of honor and duchesses and of rushing into the combat clad in steel, in order to cover with new figures the quarterings of his Vizcayan coat of arms. At nineteen, after standing guard for his king, and now a sublieutenant of grenadiers, he crossed the Flemish country with the Spanish regiments. It was in the campaigns of Flanders that don Bruno acquired his skill and hardihood. What there was in him of the Spaniard, the soldier and the faithful son of the Church came to the surface in this gallant knight, who fought with equal daring in that terrible war of endurance, that

veritable "Chouannerie," which he was to remember later in the Indies in subduing the "commonists" of Asunción. From the bombardment of Namur, he returned to enlist in the armies of the league and hold back the incursions of the French. Under the banners of Felipe V, he entered Villarreal; he was in the attack upon San Mateo; and, taking part in the siege of Lérida, beleaguered by Orleans, he entered the place with the honors of war, after losing a forearm in the encounter. His blood flowed again in Alcántara and Zaragoza, and once more he shed it in the defense of Gibraltar against the English.

At the age of thirty-five, he had traversed all western Europe clad in steel; he was the field-marshal of the royal armies; he wore upon his breast the cross of Calatrava; and he had enriched the luster of his race by seventeen years of fighting against the Flemings, the French and the English. The truces between campaign and campaign he had passed at the court, in the antechambers of the palace and in the salons of the magnates. In times of peace, he served the king in the military administration and in the admiralty, where he acquired singular aptitude for order and wise government. He secured the tranquillity of the kingdom and the stability of the new dynasty. Felipe V summoned his general to the government of the provinces of Buenos Aires, not only in order to reward his attachment to the monarchy, but also because he needed in that government his intelligence and wisdom.

The mission to the Indies was serious and delicate. The treaty of Utrecht had just delivered to Portugal La Colonia del Sacramento, a strategic place situated in the heart of the Spanish dominion. Lusitanian imperialism dreamed of extending its sway over the vast region north of the Río de la Plata that paid homage to the king of Spain, and the subjects of João V lent themselves to enterprises of conquest and daring incursions.

The king sought out this illustrious gentleman, who had proved his talent and his diplomatic sagacity at the court, in order to send him as a zealous and prudent guardian of his dominion along the Río de

la Plata. Zabala carried sharp instructions to maintain the sovereignty of his monarch over the land coveted by the Portuguese.

To the Indies went Zabala with his heroic character, his enterprise and tenacious spirit, his intrepid valor, his gifts as a statesman, his fidelity to religion and to the king and his psychology of a soldier and a man of the court. He abandoned the shores of the kingdom at the beginning of 1717, and he set his prow toward the remote lands in search of the western Indies that were to be the theater of his new undertaking.

The *galeón* that bore the eminent Vizcayan anchored off the flats of the port of Santa María de Buenos Aires about the middle of July, 1717. The forts saluted the governor's colors with their cannon, and he set foot upon the American soil for the first time. If that noble señor who was arriving from the court of Felipe V had not been a soldier, he would have felt the sharp contrast between the little city, the seat of his government in the Indies, and the cities of the mother-country.

The city of Trinidad and the port of Santa María de Buenos Aires then formed a great village that stretched along the banks of the Río de la Plata upon the desolate plain. The fort, whose wall was lapped by the river at high tide, dominated houses of stone with tiled roofs, grouped about the royal plaza, where the principal church, the *cabildo* and the houses of the magnates raised their modest fronts, touched occasionally by a suggestion of baroque taste. Beyond, the conventual towers served as watchers over the houses, where the town, devout, simple and laborious, made its first essays at sociality. The small houses, covered with red, coped tiles, extended along the narrow streets. Here and there arose a lordly portal, a keystone stamped with an heraldic blazon; then the edifice attained to a second story with projecting balconies and wrought-iron *rejas*.⁵ The houses, however, were generally mean and wretched, and the

doorways narrow and dark. In the windows, protected by flat or dove's-breast *rejas*, Andalusian nostalgia cultivated pots of plants and flowers.

Such was the city traversed by Zabala to the sound of oboes and drums, after the royal herald announced to the vassals of Felipe V the swearing in of the new representative of the king. Beyond were the desert pampa, the wild herds, the nomad tribes, the wandering bands, and, lost in immensity, Córdoba, Tucumán, La Rioja, Salta, the mediterranean cities. In front of Buenos Aires, on the other bank of the sea-like river, was Nueva Vizcaya, the eastern strip, "the cattle range of Buenos Aires," with its hills, its woods and its rivers, defended by unconquered Indians and coveted by the Portuguese, shrewd and audacious, shut up in the walls of the stronghold of La Colonia del Sacramento.

This was the task in government that fell to the lot of don Bruno after his undertakings in the lands of Flanders, France and Spain.

Upon fields of battle and serving at Aranjuez and Madrid, Zabala had revealed the restlessness of his temper. When once governor of the Indies, he hardly took possession of his office, before he addressed himself to carrying out the mandates of his king in beginning the improvement of colonial administration. The incipient society soon felt the influence of the noble magnate. In a short time, Zabala beautified the city, improved its municipal government and impressed a certain stamp of elegance upon the official life. His habits as a grand señor exercised a great influence upon the social and administrative environment, in which the etiquette of the court was adopted with greater severity than ever. Zabala surrounded himself with a certain external pomp; he formed his little society; he introduced the custom of receptions and *besamanos*,⁶ and, finally, he imported the first chariot that was driven through the streets of the humble colonial city. Manners became singularly refined under his

⁵Gratings of iron or steel and of varied height and design, set up before windows and other openings for security or defense.—THE EDITOR.

⁶Literally, a kissing of the hands: a levee at which the courtiers presented themselves at court to kiss the sovereign's hand.—THE EDITOR

government, during which a definite character was imparted to that society which was soon to be stirred to emulation by the example of the sumptuous semi-courts of Perú and México.

He began immediately the improvement of administration. "He zealously watched the illicit commerce, from the returns of which he enriched the exchequer," said the *Guía de forasteros* (Foreigners' Guide) of the viceroyalty, and then, to render him high praise, it calls him "a great minister" of his king. He brought contractors and agents to book; organized the payment of the troops, for whom he cared with personal solicitude; he improved the collection of taxes and duties; and the royal treasury, under his government, felt the influence of this expert and scrupulous administrator, whose management was an example of orderliness and sagacity.

What gave repute to his government, however, was the intelligence and timeliness with which he executed the commands he had received from his king, to preserve the integrity of the dominion in the far-reaching territories of his jurisdiction.

As soon as he took charge, he proceeded to destroy, or to set fire to, the towns erected by the Portuguese in their furtive incursions along the northern shores of the Plata, and to shut them up within the walls of La Colonia. At the same time, he set himself the task of suppressing the piracy that infested the coasts and that had raised its standards upon the shores of Rocha and Maldonado, where the corsairs devoted themselves to the amassing of peltry.

In 1720, the famous French pirate, Étienne Moreau, a hardy corsair and the terror of navigators, disembarked with troops and artillery upon the coasts of Maldonado, where he waxed strong and engaged in the slaughter of cattle and the collection of hides. The governor sent against him his lieutenant, Echauidi, who dislodged the pirate and took from him his artillery and rich booty. The bold corsair appeared again, a few months afterward, and this time he entrenched himself upon the solitary coast of Castillos. Zabala then made up his mind to teach the pirate

a lesson, and to this end he dispatched without delay Captain Pando y Patiño, with orders to capture him and take him to Buenos Aires, dead or alive. The forces sent by Zabala surprised Moreau and defeated him, after a sanguinary encounter, and made prisoners of the survivors. The corsair chief died at the hands of the aid, Pedro José Garaycochea, according to Father Lozano's statement. Thus was the entrance of the Río de la Plata swept clean of pirates and corsairs.

Having rendered this service to shipping and having secured the safety of the sea, Zabala devoted himself to the enterprise of preventing the incursions of the Portuguese, who threatened the sovereignty of Felipe V along the north shore of the river.

His abilities as a diplomat were equal to his military gifts. The monarch, informed of Portuguese cupidity, had ordered the governor, from 1717, to proceed to fortify the points of Montevideo and Maldonado. Zabala's diplomacy began by prudently avoiding immediate compliance with this order, as he feared it would give rise to serious difficulties between the two kingdoms; and he chose first to exhaust every friendly means in order to convince the Portuguese governor of the necessity of not exercising acts of sovereignty beyond the reach of his cannon.

Zabala then displayed rare gifts as a diplomat and statesman. The communications he addressed to the governor of La Colonia in defense of the rights of the king his master are models of prudence, ability and energy. Back of this able and well matured defense, designed to prevent future war, was, however, his unalterable purpose to make the sovereignty of his king respected. "During all this time, they have been made to see," he says in the diary of the foundation of Montevideo, referring to his measures with the Portuguese, "that the orders I have from the king are to maintain the best possible conduct with them, as I have done; but in order to defend the country, even to the point of laying down my life, I have no need for any orders." These are the beautiful words of a gentleman and soldier, and they justify his attitude and explain his hesitations.

Soon the providential moment arrived for putting these words into practice. The Portuguese suddenly took possession of the peninsula of Montevideo, and in a few days they erected a redoubt, armed it with disembarked cannon and garrisoned the place with numerous troops. In November, 1723, Captain don Pedro Gronardo carried to Buenos Aires the news of the grave occurrence.

Zabala did not hesitate then. He immediately sent a notice to the governor of La Colonia to suggest the abandonment of Montevideo, under threat of dislodging the intruders by land; and he established without delay a flying squadron, ran up his insignia upon the flagship, and, in January, 1724, he set sail to take possession of the northern shore. The Portuguese, in the face of the Spanish governor's threat, abandoned the peninsula, upon the eve of the arrival of forces from Buenos Aires off the estuary, and they sent officers to Zabala to protest against his proceedings. The representative of the king of Spain landed upon the eastern strip, and while the flotilla transported the troops to their position, he marched without delay upon the enemy, whom he believed to be lying beyond the fortified redoubt.

Zabala's vanguards found the Portuguese fortifications abandoned; and he, at the head of his troops, took possession of them, and he raised over the redoubt constructed toward the northeast of the peninsula the standard of the Spanish kings. Counseled by the engineer, Petrarca, he immediately planned the construction of a small fort upon the western extremity of the peninsula and ordered its erection. This was accomplished in a few weeks. He christened the new redoubt with the name of fort of San José, because the work on it had been finished on the titular day of this saint; and he armed his esplanades with ten cannon of heavy caliber. Petrarca laid out the western fortifications, ditched the peninsula from shore to shore and planned a fortress upon the hill, toward the east, whence the artillery could dominate the bay and the river. A thousand Tape⁷ Indians, led by the

Jesuit fathers, came from Misiones and set their hands to the work. In a few months the peninsula of Montevideo, fortified and armed, was in a position to resist by sea and land a siege of the enemy.

Zabala left a garrison of one hundred and ten men, in addition to the thousand armed Indians, and on April 2, after guaranteeing the sovereignty of his king over the lands of the north, he returned to Buenos Aires, whither he was summoned by serious affairs. Awaiting him there were dispatches from the viceroy of Perú, ordering him to proceed to Paraguay to subdue the rebel Antequera, who had just risen in arms against the royal troops after defeating the governor, Balmaseda.

The governor of Buenos Aires formed a powerful army of mission Indians and with them he started for Asunción by forced marches. Antequera fled before the approach of the Spanish general. It was thus that Zabala was able to enter without resistance the capital of Paraguay, where he reestablished the regular régime and restored to their ministry the Jesuits expelled by the rebels. Order assured, he returned to the city of his government. Back again in the capital of his province, Zabala's first concern was to supply the needs of the garrison of Montevideo and to people the town, in order to give due heed to the orders of the king, that he found there a city. The monarch, while approving what had been done by the governor in fortifying the point of Montevideo, insisted anew that he should proceed to populate the place, and he announced that don Francisco de Alzaibar had been directed to conduct to Montevideo fifty families from the Canaries and from Galicia, with a contingent of troops, all intended for the new colonial city. He also communicated to him that he had ordered the viceroys and governors of the Indies to aid the new town with families and supplies.

Zabala did not wait for the arrival of

⁷The name applied to the Guaraní Indians of the missions established by the Jesuits upon the slopes

of the Paraná and Uruguay rivers. The Guaranés upon these rivers, in the first days of its establishment, gave the name of *Tape*, that is, "the city," to the settlement of Santo Tomé, because of its great size, as we might say "the city" par excellence. This designation was afterward extended to all the region they occupied, whence the province of Tape and its inhabitants, the Tapes.—THE EDITOR.

the Spanish families, and on August 26, 1726, he published an edict in which he set forth the propriety of the formation of the new town by sending some families from Buenos Aires, and, at the same time, he stipulated the privileges and prerogatives that would be granted to settlers in Montevideo. The first twenty families arrived from Spain in November in the ship *Nuestra Señora de la Encina*, and they found the first group of settlers already distributed over the peninsula.

The governor of Buenos Aires immediately commissioned the captain of cuirassiers, don Pedro de Millán, to pass over to Montevideo and proceed to the measurement and distribution among the first settlers of the thirty-two sections laid out by the engineer, Petrarca, within the fortified bounds.

On Christmas eve, 1726, Millán proceeded to comply with the orders of his governor, and for this purpose he grouped near the residence of the commander of the prison, the primitive village of Montevideo. Picturesque must have been the scene that was developed upon the peninsula under the open sky, that summer day in 1726. Little houses of boards, leather or adobe, tents, wretched shanties and awnings rose without plan upon the fertile soil, through which trickled certain threads of water. Upon the cliff of the point looked down over the scene the solid mass of fort San José, where floated the banner of Castilla; and toward the east a deep ditch inclosed the locality from bank to bank. The scene was animated and picturesque. The humble settlers formed motley groups: men, women and children sprawled here and there beneath the burning sun; farther away the Indians and the troops kept guard. The flowing robes of the priests and the arms of the soldiers gave to the picture a solemn and martial air.

It is true that don Bruno Mauricio de Zabala was not there at the time, but the illustrious governor watched from Buenos Aires over the rising city, upon which he lavished his gifts, through the lips of Millán, in promulgating the decree that announced its formation. In that decree,

Zabala, in the name of the king, bestowed upon the settlers the privileges of hidalgos and persons of noble blood and recognized estate; he granted them freedom to pass over to the place; he conceded them lands, flocks and farm implements, seeds and tools; he exempted them from the payment of duties, etc. In the name of the governor, Millán established a new town and placed it under the patronage of the holy apostles, Felipe and Santiago, indicated the holidays of the city, enrolled the inhabitants and did whatever was for the good of the government and the order of the town. His mission concluded, he rendered his account to the governor, who, by a decree of August 8, 1777, approved all that had been done by his lieutenant, and he got ready to cross over to Montevideo in order to formulize the establishment of the new city.

In December, 1729, he entered the little town of San Felipe de Montevideo. He came to complete the work interrupted by the demands of the government of Buenos Aires.

The gallant governor came into his city, and, assisted by the principal citizens, he proceeded immediately, in the king's name, to formulate the act of the foundation of San Felipe de Montevideo and of establishing the cabildo that was to govern the city civilly and administer its affairs.

The founder spent several months in Montevideo looking after the needs of the inhabitants and their government; and during these months, he did not cease his gifts and providences. He attended the sessions of the capitular body and he took part in the settlement of the difficulties the new body encountered through lack of resources. It was he who made disposition for the erection of the parish church, and he personally donated moneys to begin the work. He organized, besides, the military government and he gave standing to the civil court, at the same time that he stimulated the development of the incipient society by sending for the administration of the new city functionaries of probity and by conferring upon the most distinguished inhabitants honors and dignities.

When his work was finished, Zabala re-

turned to Buenos Aires; but the cares of his difficult government did not make him forget the city founded by him, and for which he conceived a singular liking. On several occasions he returned to it in quest of repose, and on others he bestowed different gifts upon its cabildo and principal church.

In 1734, he said farewell for ever to the little village of Montevideo. The king, in order to reward his extended services, was pleased to offer him the presidency of Chile; but, before setting out for his new charge, Zabala crossed the river once more to lodge in the city he had founded, and which was prospering beneath his paternal protection.

He was getting ready to start to Chile, when the viceroy of Perú called upon him to surpress the rebellion of the "commonists," which had just broken out in Paraguay. Zabala arranged the new campaign without delay, and for the second time he entered the city of Asunción in triumph. He put down the terrible sedition, established order and started to return to Buenos Aires to turn over his government and pass immediately to Chile.

He was going across the desert toward the capital of the province, when, on reaching Santa Rosa, near Santa Fe, he was suddenly overtaken by death, upon the last day of January, 1736. In the midst of the desert was extinguished the life of the illustrious founder who, in the peninsula and in the Indies, had added to the glory of his lineage by his service to religion, to the king and to the patria. His body was buried near the Paraná, and some months afterward it was exhumed and taken to Buenos Aires, where it was given solemn burial in the cathedral church of that city.

There is in the history of this famous man more than sufficient stimulus to the imagination of the artist to create a striking figure of bronze that will proclaim the glory and the enterprises of Montevideo's founder. Symbols and attributes are grouped about the base of the ideal statue in order to perpetuate and herald the deeds of the soldier and ruler. The sculptor who models the statue of the

founder, to be veracious, must impart to it the complex spirit of this historic personage: warrior, statesman, ruler, diplomat, and above all, vigorous and temperate character. Beneath the cross and the sword must be placed this restless life, poured out in defense of high ideals. Power and clemency must animate this manly and severe countenance; intrepidity and fidelity to religion and the king must fill this breast, open to all generous undertakings; dignity, nobility and a certain fierce elegance must color this gallant figure; and finally, a passion for right must fire the form of this magistrate who made of his long government the most beautiful page of colonial administration upon the Río de la Plata.

The culminating traits of this unselfish and valiant life must be seen by the artist in the providential instant in which the noble Vizcayan shook out the flag of the kings of Spain over the fort erected by the Portuguese on the peninsula of Montevideo, and at the historic moment of instituting its cabildo and of delivering to the people the government of their destinies, a decisive hour in which the representative of the king laid, without knowing it, the foundation of colonial democracy, a mortar with which Artigas eighty years later cemented the freedom of the Uruguayan nationality.

This manly and gallant figure rises above all controversy in the opening hour of our society as the creative force and the titular power of the people gathered upon this shore of the Plata. His lieutenants and functionaries, the Alzaibars and the Millanes share, in the shadow of the illustrious warrior, the glory of having laid the foundations of the city that existed for eighty-eight years under Spanish rule; that resisted until it fell vanquished before the English assault in 1807; that experienced the first palpitations of democracy in the open cabildos of 1808; that had its first heroic dream in the Artiguist siege of 1811; that saw flash out above its walls the tri-color banner in 1815; and that at last saluted the world with cannon in 1830, in order to proclaim the definitive constitution of the independent and sovereign republic.

THE NEW ERA AND THE HISTORICAL DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES

BY
JAVIER PRADO

The rector of the oldest university of America, who has served his nation in many important capacities, and who, as minister of foreign relations, was one of the speakers upon the occasion of Mr. Root's visit to Lima in 1906, took the occasion of the last commencement of the university, preceding the summer vacation, December 23, 1918, to discuss the spirit and institutions of the United States and to call attention to her directive function at the present moment. While his words are so laudatory that they put our modesty somewhat to the blush and may be accepted, from our point of view, rather as an expression of our aspiration than as a consciousness of full realization, they are illuminating as voicing the attitude of one of the South American leaders and of one of the great southern universities toward the United States.—THE EDITOR.

I

THE INDUSTRIAL SPIRIT OF THE UNITED STATES

THE United States is essentially an industrial nation. Her origin, her historical tradition and her work have this character. The first English immigrants and the settlers of Virginia came to America to lead a life of toil. The primitive organizations were industrial, and not political. In the struggle with a nature of vast amplitude and wealth, the colonists learned to comprehend and utilize her.

Facing the reality, the United States is a nation orientated and in continuous tension toward life and action. Her feeling is lively and expansive, her intelligence clear and penetrating, her character firm, energetic and audacious. She possesses will, enthusiasm, faith and idealism, for effort and for great enterprises.

Every man is valued for his energy and activity, and he finds open paths for the development of his spirit of endeavor. The true stimulus and pride of the American consists in being the child of effort, in struggling and in triumphing. Obstacle and danger attract and stimulate his energies, and the greater they are, the greater are his eagerness and satisfaction in facing and overcoming them.

The American's activity never rests. It embraces every kind of life and occupation, passing from one to another with admirable facility, rapidity and adaptation.

His energy feels the impulse to go always onward and upward. Thus progress never stops, but it advances and spreads without limitation and without end.

His philosophy is that of pragmatism, which establishes the criterion of truth and the table of human values in action and in its intense and fertile efficacy in reality. It is a philosophy that possesses a profound sense of life and a moral idealism that strengthens the spirit and imparts to it loftiness and generosity.

His literature manifests the same characteristic. One of its noblest representatives is Emerson, that admirable thinker who felt in his soul, with religious emotion, the intimate revelations of nature and life, and who experienced, with inner fervor, the longing to make them understood by others and to open his heart to all the mysteries and harmonies of reality.

In the field of labor, the North American earnestly seeks wealth, but it does not constitute, as many erroneously fancy, the aim of his existence. He does not pursue it or esteem it as something to be hoarded, but as a means and agent of his activity ever in movement and as a power creative of new enterprises.

American wealth, in continuous circulation, thus develops and multiplies incalculable energies, and its treasures never stagnate or become exhausted, but they are mobilized and they increase and grow in infinite progression.

This wealth being accumulated, the capitalist neither withdraws nor retires

in order tranquilly to enjoy his income, but he causes his capital to produce new enterprises, and so on indefinitely; for effort and activity are for the American the true purposes of his life.

Private wealth, obtained by capacity, effort and audacity, circulates with incredible liberality and abandon, for the Americans are of a generosity that sometimes verges on prodigality. Many of their millionaires rid themselves of a large part of their wealth, acquired by untiring energy, in order to apply it to generous undertakings, surprising and stupendous, like the scientific institute for the benefit of humanity, founded by Rockefeller, or the Carnegie Institution¹ devoted to the interests of peace and fraternity among the nations.

The financial strength of the United States thus assumes incalculable proportions and applications, for it not only represents the immense capitalization of her wealth, but also a marvelous power for movement and utilization. Hence, in the war, besides the limitless action of the public treasury, private fortunes have come to the rescue with spontaneity, enthusiasm and inexhaustible resources, and have taken up the liberty loans, exceeding all calculations and the most optimistic forecasts.

Within this marvelous environment for human activity, the most humble individual can achieve by his aptitude and energy the highest positions. Not only have there been millionaires or inventive geniuses who were at the beginning newsboys or who engaged in other humble occupations, but presidents, like the great Lincoln, the leader of a people and the liberator of the slave, who was, in the early days of his career, a boatman and a backwoodsman. The true American aristocracy is founded, not upon castes, inheritance

or privileges, but upon personal worth, upon a life of effort and success in it.

American individualism is thus spontaneous, wholesome and energetic, with a deep sentiment of its liberty, and in constant and creative action.

This sentiment and this impulse, vigorous and optimistic, maintain men and women, youth and old age, in the full and unrestricted action of a race that feels the current, the strength and the joy of life.

In a country that develops its energies in this way, social inequalities may not be invoked, upon any just grounds, since all have free scope for their aptitudes and activity.

In the economic life of North America, capital and labor are not elements hostile and at strife, but of real interpenetration and coöperation. Her great industry is formed by three distinct factors: capital, with its power, creative and nutritive of industry and of its expansion and development; administration and direction, entrusted to men of aptitude, efficient by reason of their capacity, their initiative, their spirit of enterprise and organization, their technical knowledge and their experience; and the laborer who, in placing his effort at the service of an industry, does it freely, possessed of the consciousness that he exercises his activity with usefulness and profit, that he is making a way for himself and that he enjoys the rewards and advantages of an ample and liberal organization of labor, which every day extends the benefits and guaranties it affords to the working classes.

There is no country that has achieved the progress of the United States in the realm of hygiene and public service, which are enjoyed by all her cities, social classes and centers of activity and labor; because, before the inauguration of industrial life and work, they have the benefit of the most advanced improvements for the health and welfare of the laboring classes.

At the beginning, effort in the United States was devoted to the soil, to her natural sources of wealth—agriculture and mining—in all of which her vast territory possesses the greatest riches. This was the

¹The author had in mind, of course, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, one of the six benefactions established by Mr. Carnegie, the others being the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh, of which the Carnegie Institute of Technology is a branch; the Carnegie Institution of Washington; the Carnegie Hero Fund; the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching; and the Carnegie Corporation, which administers the funds and which has directed the establishment of the many libraries. In view of these varied institutions founded by Mr. Carnegie, it is not surprising that many persons, citizens of the United States, as well as foreigners, should often confuse the names.—THE EDITOR.

predominant character during the colonial epoch.

This realm, however, could not contain or satisfy by itself alone the vitality and expansiveness of the American spirit. Agricultural peoples, engaged in the extractive industries, are in general conservative, centered as they are upon and attached to, the land, to habit, to custom and to privilege; and their spirit of initiative is restricted and becomes weakened, as likewise the field of their activity and progress.

The North American has not been satisfied to exploit the natural wealth. He has used it fully, but his energy and intuition have urged him toward industry, with an incalculable impulse and a virile and audacious effort for the creation, the transformation, of things, and for the conquest of nature. Industry frees man from the soil and permits him to develop and extend in every direction his initiative, his liberty, and his power.

Industry signifies the transformation of material, the product of invention and energy, the victory of man over things, a march forward, progress without limitations, and risk in enterprise: incentives and energy, which constitute the very essence of the American soul.

On the other hand, industries create and at the same time develop the life and progress of cities, solving in turn many grave social problems of urban centers by giving employment and happiness to their different classes.

A country that does not foster her industries runs, on the other hand, the risk of not attaining her economic autonomy and prosperity, however great her natural resources may be. That was the Spanish colonial policy, confined to the exploitation of the mines and the land. Very different has been that of the United States, which, in spite of possessing immense territories of the greatest natural wealth, has developed and protected her industries with unflinching care and steadfastness, convinced that she was thus working for the greatness of the country.

It is beyond question that in the economic development of the world and in universal coöperation, it is impossible that any country should be able materially to

live for herself alone, without any dependence upon other countries, but her policy ought to be shaped to attaining the greatest material and industrial vitality and autonomy that may be possible; and no country has understood and practised this policy more clearly and steadily than the United States.

By applying to the industries her inexhaustible energies and spirit of invention and enterprise, the United States has utilized, with astounding results, the materials, the forces and the resources of nature: coal, petroleum, waterfalls, iron, etc. With them, the railway, the machine, steam and electricity have been the great agents and motors of her irrestrainable and fantastic progress. With them, she has conquered space, matter, force, motion and production.

Fulton, the inventor of the steam-engine for navigation and the precursor of submarines, and Edison, the king of electricity, are the incarnation of the creative genius of the United States, which dominates nature and gives to its country the marvelous agents of her industrial power.

While it was necessary for the vitality and development of her industries, in the face of European competition, the United States was essentially protectionist, and her life has revolved, in large measure, about the question of customs-duties. The war of secession was the enormous conflict produced by the agricultural states of the south, which considered their interests compromised by the protectionist tariffs and the abolitionist campaign in favor of the slaves who cultivated the soil, carried on by the industrial states of the north.

The terrible separatist struggle being dominated, nothing has been able to stem the industrial progress of the United States. If in her humble beginnings she had become fearful and had yielded to the impulse of the currents of opposing doctrines and interests, which attempted to limit her activity to the exploitation of her natural wealth and opposed the protectionist policy of industries, the United States would not have developed; the admirable energy and aptitudes of her race would not have achieved the economic expansion

and prosperity and the immense capitalization and financial strength of the country; nor would she have created the stupendous cities and centers of commerce and industrial activity; the immigrant population would not have increased to the astonishing proportion which it has attained; she would not have solved, as no other nation has, the social problems; she would not have assured the vitality, the equilibrium and the vigor of her democracy; she would not have decided, in short, as she has done at the present time, the destinies of the world.

II

THE SPIRIT OF ASSOCIATION IN THE UNITED STATES

The marked characteristics of the spirit of the great industrial republic have not produced, as might superficially have been thought, the predominance of a selfish and positivist individualism that would absorb her moral and social energies. Greatly to the contrary, her individualism and her industrial spirit have developed immensely, in the life of effort and labor, the moral vigor of liberty, dignity and personal action, and the sentiment, force and value of association in collective labor, which has sprung naturally and spontaneously from the very roots of the American people's life, as an essential condition of its existence and greatness.

From the beginning of the colony, the immigrants felt that union alone would bring them liberty, tranquillity and well-being in the life of effort and order. In the presence of the immense virgin territory, the colonists associated and worked in common at the several centers. It was the only means of mastering nature. Their industries have developed in the same manner, and in proportion as they have achieved their marvelous progress, the spirit of association has continued equally to grow and to take on the most varied industrial, commercial and financial forms.

An identical spirit is observed in all the manifestations of the social life. Thus, in the religious realm, the American has an age-long inheritance that goes back to

the spirit of the Puritan, who came to America with a longing for inner liberty. He considers religion, above all, as an active force for moral direction and for wholesome, useful and spiritual union in life. The divers sects give attention not only to the spiritual but also to the material interests, which every one strives to maintain and stimulate. All the religions exist in liberty and harmony. All have proselytes and they observe mutual respect. In the United States, sectarian intransigency and persecution are beyond comprehension. Liberty and fellowship are of such a character that ministers of the different denominations consider that they are united in the same mission to work, in honorable and hearty coöperation, for the health and spiritual happiness of men.

Public and private social action is nowhere broader and more intense than in the United States, because it also exists in the essence of her spirit and organization. Her institutions, establishments and philanthropic and humanitarian labors for protection and social progress, moral education, hygiene, etc., exceed all estimate.

This intense activity has in itself an essentially collective character. The American generally does not sympathize with individual and isolated charity, because he deems it ineffective and he considers that it fosters vagrancy and vice. The great works he delights in are those that furnish materials and protection in order that the weak and the friendless, whether men, women or children, may find the means of living and of sustaining and developing their activity, of working and of changing and forming themselves into useful and wholesome elements of the social life.

This profound sentiment of coöperation in the welfare and progress of others is so natural and intense in the American spirit that in its most varied manifestations he carries it wherever his activity and his effort lead him. He feels immediately a desire and a longing to do some beneficent and progressive work. In the midst of the war, the American army transformed the conditions and the public service of the places it occupied in the territory

of France, carrying, as a French writer says, to the provincial life, narrow and almost silent, the ardent impulse, the irresistible wave, the generous coöperation of its spirit of renovation and progress.

In its unlimited social action are revealed once more the moral depth and generous idealism of the North American race. It feels misfortune and unhappiness with profound emotion, which frequently even produces in its spirit a religious ardor and fervor. Men and women often give up their ordinary, tranquil life, their professions, their careers, their comfort, in order to consecrate themselves, with tireless zeal and activity, to great and philanthropic enterprises. At the present moment, the social effort of the Americans causes wonder, in the Red Cross, in their hospitals, in their intense activity to help the suffering, the hungry and the thirsty, the needy and orphaned peoples; and this sentiment and activity do not stop at the frontiers of the friendly countries, but they carry their generous and humanitarian aid to the conquered and to their enemies, from a very exalted impulse of charity and Christian pity.

Education and instruction have also a cardinal value among the American people. In them the energies of the new generations are molded for life and for action. Primary education is not only gratuitous and diffused throughout the whole country, but it is of such democratic value and of such development and perfection that the children of all conditions and social fortunes are instructed and educated in the public schools. This is how the United States educates youth, from the first years, in the true spirit of democratic equality. The colleges and universities are broad and open centers of life, of instruction and of fellowship, which, while they inform the intelligence, strengthen the sentiments, develop will and energy, at the same time they form character and supply wholesome and solid knowledge and foster aptitudes. In them science is united with industry and technics in vast organizations of manifold instruction and applications. Thus therefore, as social inequalities do not exist, professional hierarchies do not

exist in education and instruction. The great institutions are open to all careers and professions, and the degrees of instruction are distinguished, not by differences in quality and category, but by the direction and amplitude of the studies which they embrace.

This is the character of the American university institutions, essentially democratic and in constant activity and progress. There exists among them a lofty rivalry to attain the greatest development and progress, and former students continue to be considered as members of the university association, to whose prosperity the favored of fortune compete in contributing with splendid munificence.

Likewise—whether in the life of the family, the hotel, the club or in sport—in all the manifestations of civil life, may be observed the admirable spirit of American fellowship and its characteristics of spontaneity, liberty, expansiveness and coöperation.

III

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

These marvelous energies have founded the great American nation and democracy, constituted by free, equal, energetic and enterprising men who live in a broad, industrial, social and political fellowship, under a republican régime that guarantees their rights and liberties, their collective interests and their development. The essence of their democracy is constituted by liberty, association and solidarity.

The federating of the United States was not an artificial work of doctrinaire origin. It sprang spontaneously and vigorously from the very nature and conditions of its collective organisms. Each state possessed a life, a character, a physiognomy and needs of its own. All the states had an intense love for their independence, liberty, organization and particular progress. They became federated in order to guarantee their reciprocal independence and also to produce, by common concurrence, a new and more fruitful association. Every American enterprise thus represents new energies and new creations. None has a static character. All signify dynamisms

for inexhaustible vitality and transformation.

The American democracy has followed the admirable process that characterizes its historical evolution. The first solidarity is to be found in the union of the colonies that became associated at the beginning of the eighteenth century in order to carry on the civil life of work and order. Its different centers being developed, they achieved by a joint and solidary action the political independence of the United States. The constitution of the federal régime, promulgated in 1788, set forth as the purposes of the federation of the associated states:

to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.

The solemn recommendations of Washington, which the American nation has guarded as the sacred will and testament of the founder of the patria, told her that the prosperity and even the existence of the United States depended: upon the indissoluble union of the different states and their perpetual adherence to the federal government; upon respect for justice; upon the existence of a properly organized army; and upon the will of the people to put aside local interests for the general good.

Thus was created the republic of North America by Washington and his eminent fellow-helpers, by giving her the foundation of her democracy, freedom, association and justice.

An essential principle of the political charter of the United States is the supreme authority granted to the highest judicial power to revise and pass upon the legality and justice of the acts of the other public authorities, in harmony with the precepts of the constitution. It reveals the moral consciousness of the American people, and it casts immense light upon the depths of its character and its conception of the supreme duty of public officials and of nations to respect and enforce the laws and work justice.

There was a moment in which it might

be feared that the great work of the American federation was being destroyed and that with it liberty was going to suffer an enormous eclipse. It was the period of the war of secession. The leaders of the great people did not give ground, however. In the forefront, Lincoln, amid the graves of those who fell in the terrible war, declared:

That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

The prophesy of Lincoln has been realized. Liberty has not only endured upon the American soil, but it has followed a process of astonishing vigor and amplitude that can only be explained by the exceptional energy and moral intensity of the American people's soul, which have caused it to conceive, feel and struggle for new liberties and new human solidarities.

IV

THE POLICY OF THE UNITED STATES AND WILSON'S PRINCIPLES

A short time after achieving her independence, the president of the United States, Monroe—representing the spirit and will of the people, which has never been daunted by the magnitude and risk of great enterprises, and incarnating a lofty ideal of continental solidarity—assured the independence to the Latin-American countries, when they were hardly beginning their life of emancipation and freedom, by formulating, in the face of the threat of powerful European imperialisms, his celebrated principle of America for the Americans, and by declaring that it guaranteed for ever the liberty of this continent.

The United States has continued to maintain her policy of American solidarity, to which she has devoted preferential and persevering labor, by endeavoring to strengthen the bonds of fraternity with the other nations, to coöperate in the solution of their difficulties and conflicts and to stimulate their development and progress.

Congresses, conferences, institutes, commissions and delegations, and an intense

political, juridical, scientific and commercial movement, initiated and directed by the United States, have been the result of this policy and this program of continental solidarity, of which, as admirable fruits, we have the Pan American gatherings, in which will always endure the spirit of their noble initiator, the eminent minister, Blaine, and the institution of the Pan American Union, established in Washington, with the full and equal participation of all the independent countries of America.

Giving indisputable proofs of the spirit of her policy, the United States has proclaimed, defended and subscribed to arbitration as an honorable and just means for the settlement of international controversies and conflicts, not only with the strong nations, but also with the weak.

The process, however, was not terminated. The United States was going to proclaim and to struggle for an even greater human solidarity. It is the cause that she has defended to-day and which opens a new era; it is Wilson's principle: The world for liberty and justice.

The principle proclaimed to-day by the United States causes the profoundest transformation in the political history of the world. It guarantees the liberty of peoples, great and small, and it establishes international solidarity in order to assure peace and the dominion of liberty and law among the nations.

National freedom, the freedom of America, the freedom of the world: there you have the historical march of the great democracy of the United States.

The world has been illuminated and ennobled. Mysterious and admirable harmonies of ideality and reality! The gigantic statue placed by France at the entrance of the great American port which, in front of the infinite ocean, opens wide to the traffic of all the peoples, was the true symbol, divined by the genius of the immortal Latin nation, that indicated the historical destiny of the United States, illuminating and guiding the world by liberty.

How grave has been the error of those who passed judgment upon the psychology of the American people and considered

her merely a nation of industrials and merchants, swayed by commercialism and selfish and sinister interests. They did not perceive the soul of the great nation, which at the call of her moral energies would stand erect and, with astonishing vigor and activity, create and develop a strength for combat as formidable as her industrial and financial power; would carry her capacity, her genius, her inventions, her spirit of enterprise, her capital, her industries, her arms and her blood to the struggle; and would put forth the most gigantic effort recorded by history in order to free the world and trace out for it, at the same time, its highest, noblest and most disinterested course.

The work of the United States, like all human work, is capable of reformation and improvement. It is the law of evolution and progress. In a world that has been governed by force, the United States has not failed to feel in her history impulses toward imperialism, and she has at times paid tribute to the spirit of the age. In her society, full of vigor and audacity, also stir violent appetites and interests. In the enormous immigration of men of all races and conditions, there have not been wanting those who came to the American soil to attempt to propagate the germs and tares of vice, disorder and upheaval.

Human history has not blotted out anywhere in the world the stamp of its imperfections.

In 1906, Root, the eminent secretary of state of the northern republic, in a journey he made through South America upon a noble and elevated mission of fraternity, at the same time that he made us feel and discern the new era of the world governed by liberty and justice, in replying, with the simplicity and authority characteristic of superior men, to the utterances I then had the honor to make upon a solemn occasion, regarding his country, said to us:

We recognize our faults, our defects and our errors; we are aware of them, we deplore them and we are trying constantly to remedy them; but we have at bottom, as the firm basis of our constitutional liberty, the sentiments that you have expressed.

No government in the United States could maintain itself in power, for a single moment, if it should undertake to violate these principles. No act of unjust aggression against a smaller or weaker power would be tolerated by the people to which the government is responsible.

He responded later:

You were kind enough to refer to an incident in the diplomatic history of the United States and Perú, when my own country recognized its error in regard to the Lobos islands and returned them freely and cheerfully to their rightful owner. I would rather have the record of such acts of justice for my country's fair name than the story of any battle fought and won by her military heroes.

It was the same great secretary who, in the Pan American Congress gathered at Rio de Janeiro, had just declared:

We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except sovereignty over ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire; and we deem the observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights or privileges or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. . . . A people whose minds are not open to the lessons of the world's progress, whose spirits are not stirred by the aspirations and the achievements of humanity struggling the world over for liberty and justice, must be left behind by civilization in its steady and beneficent advance. . . . Mankind advances steadily from brute force, from the rule of selfishness and greed toward respect for human rights, toward desire for human happiness, toward the rule of law and the rule of love among men. My own country has become great materially because it has felt the influence of that majestic progress of civilization.

These sentiments expressed by the great minister are in truth those that contain the secret of the energy, the conscience and the work of the North American democracy; those that constitute the material and moral structure of the nation that marks at the present time the firmest, clearest and most luminous paths of human destiny.

President Wilson is to-day the eminent personality that represents the spirit and the activity of the United States. His is the glory of having penetrated the meaning of this great revolution in human life; of having felt the soul of his people and its historical mission; of having then orientated his country and the world; and of having placed at the service of that cause all the energies of his spirit and all the power and greatness of the American nation. President Wilson's personality can be compared only with the figures of his own country. He belongs to the race of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Lincoln—those presidents and leaders of the American democracy, of superior vision and great energy at the service of a moral ideal, who yielded neither to obstacles nor to passions—four upright, simple, sincere, disinterested characters who, above power, loved liberty and justice; and in whom neither covetousness nor pride nor personal ambition nor success disturbed the spirit in accomplishing with unswerving sincerity and firmness and with noble generosity toward the great and the small, the strong and the weak, their exalted mission for the benefit of mankind.

Wilson bases the political reconstruction of the world upon three essential principles:

1. The recognition of nationality founded upon the will of the people and the reconstitution of the nations that have been dismembered by force and conquest.
2. The equality in law of all the nations, great and small, with equal right to participate in its guaranties and benefits.
3. The association of the nations that shall guarantee with their effective power the political and territorial independence of the peoples and shall assure the reign of peace and law in the world.

Such are Wilson's great principles, which, by establishing the new paths and by organizing the world under a régime of harmony and political and juridical solidarity, will enable the peoples to enjoy the benefits of peace, liberty and justice.

Wilson's principles are spreading throughout the world and they have penetrated the universal conscience.

THE MYSTERIOUS ALKALOID

BY

RICARDO ROJAS

A story that has attracted much attention in the countries of the Río de la Plata, where the author, already familiar to our readers, has become famous for the quality and variety of his literary productions. It recalls some of the weird fancies of Fitz-James O'Brien, Edgar Allan Poe and Frank R. Stockton.—THE EDITOR.

WHEN, in the course of that conversation, I mentioned Lucio Herrera and alluded to the mysterious circumstances that surrounded his tragic end, I observed signs of uneasiness in the look of our old friend, Doctor Fornés, who, until that moment, had been the most loquacious of the lively gathering. The other guests withdrew a short time later. Fornés and I then remained alone, in my private lounging room, where I received them all. The air of the room quieted down, and, veiled in the smoke of the cigars, even grayer seemed the vague tints of the gathering evening. Doctor Fornés closed the door that led from the lounging room to the vestibule, and, abandoning his chair, he came to seat himself at my side, a prey to visible perturbation. He stretched his right arm behind my shoulders, with an affectionate gesture, passing it along the broad, red back of the seat which we were sharing; and when it became certain that we were absolutely alone and that no one could hear us, he ventured to resume the dialogue with this question:

"What did you mean by your *recent* allusion to Lucio Herrera's death?"

"Recent?" I countered.

"Ah, it had seemed to me . . ."

"It is strange; for I thought at that moment of nothing that was not explained by the cordial tone of our conversations, and at all events you will see nothing unreasonable in the curiosity with which for two years I, like so many of the friends who liked him, have sought the secret of that abrupt, inexplicable solution."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

We remained silent again. Doctor For-

nés, who was on my right, ventured to give me a sidelong glance, as if to verify by my face the loyal assurance which he had observed in the laconicism of my reply; and his look wandered once more between the objects of the room and the fantastic flowers of the carpet. Our silence became embarrassing. I had not in truth imparted the slightest reticence to the allusion that thus preoccupied him. I should never have showed it with that friend, whom I esteemed, nor would the presence of the others have furnished the most propitious occasion for it. After several years of absence, I was just returning to Buenos Aires. The familiars of my old coterie were giving me their welcome that afternoon. Fornés was a favorite in our lively and decimated circle at the club. Lucio Herrera had also been one, and nothing was more natural than that, as we came together again, I should recall his lamentable, sudden and mysterious death. Carried away by ideas that I understood afterward, Fornés thought he observed in my words—innocent, I again affirm—an echo of the rumor that two years before had complicated him with the tragedy, and which now seemed to be entirely silenced. Suddenly, deciding to reveal to me what only he possessed, he exclaimed with an impressive military and priestly calmness:

"Truly; did you not know that they attributed his death to me?"

As he said this, he straightened up in front of me, his hands buried in his soft overcoat of vicuña, his keen eyes shining behind his round glasses, which accentuated the look of a bird of prey upon his aquiline face. I answered that I did not know it, and as he sat erect in front of me, his shadow stood out in the smoky

air like a headland from a cloud upon the high sea.

I had known Doctor Fornés from the days of the primary school; and in spite of the difference in our professions, we had seen each other frequently, although he was one of those friends who do not have to be cultivated. During my two years' absence, for example, we had not written to each other. I may have sent him a postal card from Florence; this had been our only communication in two years. Hence it was that I did not know of the recent events of his life, although I knew his mind for a long time and very thoroughly. He used to seek me in order to talk about business, literature and politics; and I, on my part, forgathered with him in order to besiege him with questions regarding the picturesque novelties of his specialty. Gifted with a great passion for the sciences, he passed from the Colegio Nacional, where we had been fellow-students, to the Facultad de Medicina; but, once graduated, he specialized professionally in chemistry, thanks to the powerful fortune he had inherited from his parents. He was reserved and a reasoner from childhood; therefore, on that afternoon, his forty years now being rounded out and his character even more matured by the discipline of the laboratory, his nervous air and his unseasonable words did not fail to surprise me.

All that I have related hitherto is doubtless a common enough scene, without picturesque or dramatic interest; but I propose to continue in these pages the minute narrative of that history in order that Lucio Herrera's friends may know how he ended his vexed life, and how I received the revelation of his death that afternoon. If I were to sketch here a literary composition, a simple story of the imagination, I should arrange the episodes in a more telling way, or I should throw aside the argument; but I am fulfilling in this confession a painful duty of friendship. The death of Lucio Herrera grieved his extensive circle of friends, stirred the newspapers, occupied the police, perplexed justice. I know not whether the case was given up. Doctor Fornés, the

extraordinary protagonist of that tragedy, also died a short time ago, the victim of cancer, as all his friends know; but the rumor that connected him with the tragedy insidiously surrounded him until his last day. No one dared to say that he might have assassinated or poisoned him, or how he killed him, or why, or when, or where; and perhaps on account of this very vagueness the subject prospered. As he had no enemies, no one ventured upon calumny; and he could not defend himself from an accusation that was never put into concrete form. It accompanied him, therefore, wherever he went, like an invisible and subtle air. He felt or thought he felt it. Even his friends went so far as to envelop him in that atmosphere of mystery, of crime, of oriental legend! How was it possible? Two such intimate friends! If, however, on the night before what some called "the crime" they had seen them pass through Florida together? The inexplicableness of the occurrence stimulated the fancy: jealousy, rivalry, some money complication, were imagined. Nevertheless, nothing of this was true. Dr. Fornés killed his friend Lucio Herrera, but the intent and fact of crime were far from his thought. Unfortunately he lacked the occasion for telling the truth, or he did not dare to tell it, for fear of the law and society and public justice. I was the only one who heard from his lips the narration of the facts. I therefore dwell upon the details that might appear senseless to the indifferent, but which will—I am sure—be followed with patient interest by all those who knew of the death of Lucio Herrera from the newspaper accounts, and by those who were his friends and Doctor Fornés's. Perhaps these revelations will also have a certain interest for science, and they may move the executors and heirs of the illustrious savant to seek among his papers, documents that may corroborate and amplify my confession.

To all these insidious rumors Fornés had alluded as soon as he had asked me if I knew of them. He began to speak in a faltering voice, and as he spoke there was something in his tones that awakened in me a veritable terror. I felt a need for

air, light, the noise of the streets; and, as he had closed the door that opened on the vestibule, I went to open the window of my room, whence could be seen in the distance the woodlands of Palermo in the autumn, and the tawny waters of the river. With his eyes fixed upon an indefinable point of that horizon, and his silhouette illuminated by the purple light that suddenly flooded the room, in semi-obscurity until that moment, Fornés continued his unexpected confidence, in a deep and pauseful voice.

"You know that I admired and loved Lucio Herrera. It has been said, however, that I assassinated him. Nevertheless, I did not assassinate him. Yet I could not deny that I myself killed him."

"You?" I exclaimed, shocked.

"I!" he replied coldly.

"Then your silence of so many years has concealed a crime?"

"By no means. Listen to me with calmness. Repay me in understanding and justice the loyalty and courage of this confidence. You are the first man to whom I disclose it; you will certainly be the last, the only one. I have felt a need to tell it to some one, and I was minded to tell you when you returned. I now have you before me; we are alone; a long time has passed since that day; I feel inclined to talk; hear me; judge me."

I bowed my head, prepared to listen to him. Doctor Fornés—deeply stirred by the memories he was about to recall, even greater for him in the enforced silence of his soul—was led to give his words a peremptory, simple and solemn turn! From the distant woodland which the approaching night was overshadowing, came the sad, deep, weary breath of the branches dried by autumn. Fornés was so moved that he became precipitate in his story, and he exclaimed:

"Well then: Lucio Herrera committed suicide."

"But this is what we all knew," I murmured.

"Well, Lucio Herrera, in order to kill himself, drank a substance that the judicial autopsy considered might be morphine."

"I knew that also."

"Lucio did not commit suicide with morphine. To kill himself, he used a new body of which I am the discoverer."

The chemist made a brief pause here, looked into my face, in which there must have showed the most marked anxiety, turned his head as if to assure himself with timid caution that the adjoining door was still closed, and when he had convinced himself that no one could hear us, he again fixed on me his sharp eyes and continued:

"I have not yet christened this body. I designate it for the present by a provisional sign in my reactions; but in view of its marvelous effects, I must seek a name for it in India or in the occult science of the Middle Ages."

"All this is very well," I said with excusable annoyance. "I have always praised your scientific achievements; but we are not talking now about them, but about Lucio's death. What I need to know, since you have wished it, is how Herrera could obtain, in your laboratory, for a sinister purpose, that substance which was and continues to be a secret."

"I myself administered it," said Doctor Fornés, with a serenity that surprised me above measure, after his recent excitement. In the presence of this open confession of what until that moment was only a crime, I felt the horror of the narrative in which two friends of mine were turning out to be the victim and the victimizer in an affair that had no excuse, either in professional sophisms or in the paradoxes of individualism. I thought that Fornés was preparing to seek it there, when I repressed my indignation to say to him:

"According to this, the suicide of that unfortunate has been a sinister deception; and you are the slayer of Lucio Herrera!"

"No! I have said that he committed suicide; and I am ready to prove it."

"How?" I asked.

At that moment I heard blows on the door that Fornés had closed. I was going toward it to open it, and the chemist detained me by a mysterious movement. We remained an instant, I standing and he seated, looking at each other enigmatically.

"Do not open," he said to me in a low voice.

"Why?"

"Do not open."

We were silent. Again two low sounds were heard. They seemed to be the strokes of knuckles on the door. Fornés looked at me with hypnotic eyes. After a few minutes of silent waiting, he arose, saying to me:

"Come. We are going to my home. It is not far from here, and we shall be more undisturbed. No one will interrupt us. We shall be in my laboratory, in the very place of the 'sinister' occurrence. There I shall continue my confession."

I opened the door of my apartment. The vestibule was in the shadow. Night was now closing in. My servant told me that no one had sought me. Those noises perplexed us fleetingly. Fornés, however, was very nervous; and while we were going down the narrow stairway of the house I then occupied in the Calle de Santa Fe, he commented, doubtless jesting:

"If they were occult manifestations, we do well to go away; if persons, also."

In reality, I was beginning to be apprehensive, with all this conversation. Fornés had always been a very normal man, but I noted that he was sensitive in the extreme and contradictory and enigmatic; he was perhaps wandering in his conversation.

When one returns to the bosom of his friends after a long journey, he becomes aware of such unlikely changes in his acquaintances of other days, that I was attacked by a doubt as to whether Fornés might be raving. One's most intimate friends, who are wont to hasten to tell the traveler of the changes in people during his absence, had not yet had time for more than a brief exchange of anecdotes, which in no way concerned the person of the chemist or Lucio Herrera's death. I was proceeding blindly in this affair; and I only half understood what Fornés was talking about. That this man of so much intelligence had lost his balance! I refused to believe it; but I did not cease to think of it along the way, while we were going to his house. I understood, later, that I was mistaken,

Doctor Fornés's house, where he also had his laboratory, was in the Calle de Caning, in a quarter of chalets and country

mansions. We opened the gate, which was overhung by a thick honeysuckle, and, instead of entering by the principal stairway, we turned aside toward the pavilion of the laboratories, which was located in the rear, passing through the gardens. They were already lighted, as night was falling, by an electric bulb, held aloft like a lampadary amid the dense shrubbery by a bronze centaur. Doctor Fornés was a man of artistic inclinations, and he fortunately had the means of gratifying them.

When we reached the pavilion, we entered, he in advance and I following, and we passed through three large, dark chambers. In the last of them, my friend turned on the electric current, and several bulbs flashed. Along the southern and northern walls I saw shelves and cabinets loaded up with large and small bottles, with liquids of varied colors, which, struck and traversed by the slanting light, sparkled with the reflections of precious stones: some of vivid tints, red like beryls, green like emeralds; others with vague hues like the milk of opals or the honey of topazes. In the middle of the room was a large pine table, all bristling with alembics, retorts, filters, metal tripods, glass rods, goblets of many shapes, conic or oval, straight or flare-mouthed like corollas. The eastern and western walls were taken up with sliding window-sashes, which two curtains of sail-cloth completely screened in. I confess that I entered the place with a certain respect. It all testified, in its disorder and brilliancy, to the continuous labor of a man who had persisted for years in his efforts to withdraw, through the avenue of the experimental sciences, the veil of things occult. In other days, years before, I had frequented the house familiarly. That night the memory of Lucio Herrera rendered me solemn.

The three dark rooms through which we passed were occupied by the sections of physics, biology and anthropology: laboratories and museums at the same time. The physician cultivated all these studies at once, but not with a view to professional gain, or even to useful investigation. He was informing himself, and he himself

even carried on investigations, but for the purpose of philosophical speculation. Fornés was properly a philosopher. He was one, in the most noble sense of the word. The ancients had meditated upon the usual facts of nature. Fornés meditated upon the new data of science: the minutiae of microbiology, the distant visions of astronomy, the occult phenomena of chemistry, the supersensuous revelations of physics, the singular comprobations of psychiatry, the unreal resurrections of anthropology and history, all interested him, but for the purpose of seeking from this knowledge the essential unity of beings, wherein is incarnated, before man's absorbed eyes, the proteic animation of life. I learned that night that Lucio Herrera's death had been a ghastly episode and one never beheld before with similar audacity, as I shall recount later.

Seated in that salon of his pavilion, Doctor Fornés thus related to me the facts:

"It was a winter evening in June, 1905. I was working at this table, wearing my long, white apron, when I heard a strange voice that saluted me through that little door that opens on the garden. I raised my eyes and beheld Lucio, who was smiling at me with his accustomed familiarity. He was smiling, but something funereal enveloped him on that occasion, for his presence disturbed me. His fine profile, worn by dissipation and wasted by so many sorrows, stood out sharply in the damp air of that portentous evening. I invited him to come in and I hastened to close the door. I had given orders to the servant to deny me to visitors; but Lucio was in the habit of coming to me suddenly in the garden through the door of my garage. We were such friends, as you well remember. It is true that opium, alcohol and the hardships of life had made him troublesome to some of his comrades, but I liked him, although socially I esteemed him little enough.

"I was preparing at that moment a small quantity of phosphoreted hydrogen, and he stopped in surprise, gazing at the bubbles of gas that took fire upon contact with air. He kept silent while I was concluding the experiment, and when I had fin-

ished, I realized that he was so preoccupied that he disquieted me.

"We are the prisoners of God, Fornés," he said to me abruptly. "To dwell in a laboratory and manage his forces is to multiply the marvel of the universe; but his truth always escapes us. The veil of illusion envelops us. You are the new instrument, but you are the instrument of your own chimera. You, with your science, and your stable-boy are, both of you, prisoners in the same cavern. You do not see, upon your inner wall, aught but the shadows spoken of by the old saying: *The shades of the beings that pass by in the outer light.*" He always said such things to me, and we that day renewed our eternal dialogue upon the value of science and the irreparable anguish of life.

"Suddenly, in the midst of the conversation, he told me that he was thinking of dying. I chose to jest; but then, dominated by his incurable misfortune and by the extraordinary ability with which he proved to me his cleverness in this deliverance, I decided to talk to him seriously in order to dissuade him, until I saw how unalterable was his purpose."

At that moment, a gust of nocturnal wind blew into the room from the garden, and, as it might bring in dust upon the apparatus, Doctor Fornés rose to close the windows that opened toward the north, whence came the wind.

"I assure you," said Doctor Fornés, returning to my side, "that I passed a cruel afternoon with that lad. He repeated his visit the next day, as night was setting in, and he renewed his theme with the same obsession.

"You have never had to aid a suicide have you?"

"Never," I responded.

"Ah! if you had, you would understand all this better. Suicides become familiar with their idea—which greatly resembles a firm resolution to take a long journey—and they end by talking about it with profound simplicity, without the slightest melodramatic accent, as if in extreme debility. Lucio was so that last afternoon. I remember that when I thought I had conquered him by force of logic, he answered me with such a disdainful look and such a

shrug of the shoulders that they struck me as being of an overwhelming eloquence. I have never seen a man curl his lip in an attitude more self-renunciative and sinister! In short, he was going to kill himself from boredom, from inability to live; but his look seemed to me to be so fatal that I could only answer him: "All right then; kill yourself!"

Perhaps Lucio Herrera was not killing himself merely from weariness, as Doctor Fornés assured me, unless this be the name of the state of mind to which he had been brought by his genealogy of neurosis and his life of disillusionments. In Lucio's family, there were all kinds of degenerates—abulic, abnormal, despomaniac, epileptoid—among beautiful women and men of commanding position. In his life as a misfit, there was not even wanting an occasional misfortune in love, the cause of his last crisis, as I later succeeded in learning. I mention it here in the interest of exactitude of statement, and I shall not pause to narrate it in these pages written in behalf of two beloved memories: of Doctor Fornés and of Herrera. I would never, at the expense of what constituted their sorrow, stoop to the complacencies of the romantic episode, which would so much enhance the bare plot and the slight popular interest of my narrative. May the reader excuse me this new sign of literary ineptitude, in view of these sentiments. Let him follow me in the further relation of this narrative, which is the tragic dénouement of another painful story that could not be recounted.

"I must kill myself. You hear: I must, and quickly. It is something inevitable. It is a solution for me, the only solution, indispensable, necessary, fatal. It would be useless for you to argue in order to prove the contrary to me. These things are not done according to reason. Even an accidental alteration of external facts would be useless. It is a fatality that does not come from another's will, and that is within us: one that circumstances create at times, but that they create inside of us. It is rooted in the depths of our own being, like hunger,

like thirst, like weariness, like the association of ideas, if you will."

Here you have the shocking things that Lucio Herrera uttered that evening. Doctor Fornés was far from dissenting from such radical opinions. He had shared them perhaps, in times of ingenious divagations, of impersonal and tranquil discourse; but when he heard them again, from the mouth of his comrade, with the deep and irreparable accent of things that involve life, he understood how far paradoxes that would be harmless in an hour of pleasure could be cruel in an hour of tragedy. He would have wished to answer him, but emotion choked him, and he only succeeded in saying:

"That is folly!"

"Perhaps! Like all human ideas; but you will not deny me that thought, apart from its philosophical value, is a form of energy that makes us suffer, that makes us enjoy: one that is a crown of pride for you; one that plunges me into the slough."

In pronouncing these words, which placed the subject beyond all discussion, Lucio Herrera was carried away by a movement of anger and he began to walk toward the shelves in the rear, his hands in his pockets, his back to his companion. Thus they remained for a moment: Lucio standing, his face toward the bottles of the cabinet; Fornés anxious, gazing at the small, dark silhouette with fleshless shoulders and an enormous head. They were in front of the case of anæsthetics and poisons. Lucio Herrera began to read in silence the labels of the drugs. Every little while he muttered confused phrases, like one thinking aloud: "'strychnine:' a poison for dogs; 'chloroform:' a drug for butchers; 'cocaine.' Does not cocaine kill, Fornés?"

Fornés did not reply.

"Morphine!"

On reaching this point Lucio Herrera, beside himself, turned upon Fornés to ask him, in a pleading voice: "Would you be man enough, physician enough, philosopher enough and enough my friend to give me a good dose of this poison?"

"Throw yourself into the river," replied Fornés.

"I do not dare to cast myself into the

river, nor to put a bullet in my head. Such things terrify me, merely to think of them. On the other hand, I accept death with serenity and even with intense delight, if I imagine it as coming during sleep when I do not see it arrive. Besides, I thought your convictions were firm, and therefore I came this evening to implore your aid—this is the truth—to implore your aid.”

How could I convey to the minds of my readers, by means of this labored and fragmentary narrative, the painful emotions of that dialogue between Doctor Fornés and our friend? Fornés had always passed for a priest of science. He was sufficiently honest to practise his cult with sincerity, and enough of a philosopher to be aware of the immense shadow upon whose threshold he officiated. Modern chemistry and physics, as he understood them, were assuming in his eyes the characteristics of a veritable scientific esotericism. Voluptuous by imagination, he would have desired never to set his foot upon that tortuous and black path of the mysteries. Philanthropic by sensibility, he would not have immolated, by himself alone, the anguish of his own friends as victims to his gods. Fornés was far removed from the objective materialism that Lucio Herrera attributed to him.

Behold, however, that when the dialogue reached the point at which we have left it, the chemist felt flash through his head a new idea that swept him along with its satanic seduction to the very verge of crime. It was this singular act, without qualification in morality or in the laws, undertaken in a moment of pride, of satanic possession, of generous madness, that may give to these pages an unusual interest and that may furnish the necessary rehabilitation to the suspected name of Doctor Fornés. It will therefore be permitted me to put in his mouth all the rest of the narrative, just as I recall his words to-day.

“I should never have yielded to the demands of our poor friend,” said Doctor Fornés to me, “if it had not been for the extraordinary circumstance that I wish

to explain to you. How was I going to yield, if I do not recall ever having suffered so much for a friend as I endured that night? All the arguments conspired against it; even the philosophy of individual negation, toward which I felt myself inclined. Nor would his personal case have detained me. Lucio was already a beaten man, beaten for good. I knew that I should be doing him a service by aiding him to die. When I asked him the grounds of his resolve, he became so somber and tragic, and he refused in such a manner to communicate them to me that I understood the fatality of his resolution. It was neither romanticism nor literature. He spoke of the voluptuousness of death with such soft emotion and with a look of beatitude now so long forgotten, that in truth the unfortunate fellow was captivating. Something of the sexual could be felt in his ecstasy. However, nothing of it all inclined me to gratify him. Stronger than everything was my sorrow for him, my instinctive horror of a death thus procured, my apprehension over the unknown. My apprehension over the unknown, I have said, and this was the fatal circumstance, inasmuch as this led me to give way to my vigilant curiosity about hidden things: I felt the temptation of mystery and I plunged into the abyss. You will understand without effort by merely recalling my passion for the sciences that study life, my fascination in the presence of the enigma that death signifies for us.”

Doctor Fornés paused to light his cigar and then he continued:

“I was at that time engaged in a scientific undertaking that I have not yet abandoned; I had all my senses concentrated upon the elimination of an alkaloid that, while I was a student, I had suspected in opium. I shall amplify the details that you may see that my preoccupation dated from long ago. As a student of materia medica in 1893, I saw in our text that from *Papaver somniferum album*, as they call opium, have already been extracted numerous alkaloids: morphine in the first place, and afterward codeine, narcotine, cryptopine, papaverine, etc., and that ‘certainly the series has not been exhausted’ added the author. So also

have been discovered thebaine, narceine and others. The effects of these alkaloids upon human sensibility filled my fancy with wonder, more than works of fiction; for already at that period chemistry wholly satisfied my mind, as I found it laden with religious, philosophical, utilitarian and even imaginative suggestions. When I began to specialize in my studies, I applied myself to the search for that new alkaloid. I remember that I worked first with the juice of the much esteemed Smyrna capsules and afterward with that from Egypt, until I succeeded in separating a body whose properties are like those of all the kindred substances, but with such complicated and subtle effects upon the higher functions of our organism that if we could establish in nature the hierarchy between their specific bodies, this one would be placed above all the others. It is not that it has anything extraordinary in itself: it behaves in a manner similar to morphine and the like, but in a more 'intelligent' way, if I may express myself thus. It follows the classic process: impression, impregnation, saturation, intoxication; but consciousness preserves its individuality even after the coma."

"But is that possible, if the circulation has ceased?" I objected with vehemence.

"I do not know. Nothing is understood about these things. Perhaps it is due to the thermic action of this body or to the action of black light, as you will soon see. It is as if intelligence, or whatever it is, were taking refuge in organically higher zones, in proportion as physiological death invades."

"And when the subject has died?"

"Then it is as if intelligence, radiant, should continue to vibrate outside the physiological body. Therefore the soul can return and bring to the physical body a true resurrection."

"Oh! you are raving, Fornés."

"No; the comas, the syncopes, the cataplexies—transitory or partial deaths without doubt—might be explained by the soul's continuing in a lighter body, invisible to us, which perchance may be the astral body of the theosophists. Intelligence then becomes ultravisible and luminous."

"And does your alkaloid attain to this?"

"Yes. The soul keeps ascending to the last frontiers of the material life, and it reaches a point in which Psyche, liberated, flies for an instant in the infinite and then returns to her carnal prison."

"And why do you not call this body *psychine*?"

Doctor Fornés looked at me in surprise. This laborious association of his recollections was carrying him to another point, when my remark checked him. I could recognize it easily in the sharpness of his glance and afterward in the benevolence with which he rubbed his smiling lips, until he concluded with this phrase.

"*'Psychine!'* That is good; so I shall call it some day, if this responsibility for the past which still weighs upon me ever permits me to communicate my discovery to men, almost always malicious. Yes, indeed: '*psychine*.' They are beautiful, those names of the opium series: morphine, cryptopine, psychine! They are the elixirs of sleep and death."

My friend the chemist remained lost in thought. I also kept silent, with my look fixed on his pale, energetic face. All that Fornés had communicated to me up to that moment was doubtless very logical, but it might well be the logic of one in delirium. Then, anxious to free myself from this uneasiness, I formulated my decisive question.

"And how have you been able to verify these effects, if it is a question of evidence after death?"

"Behold, the inestimable service that Lucio Herrera has bestowed upon science! Behold, that which converts Lucio Herrera's suicide into a transcendent and magnificent death! Behold, what justifies the cruelty of my secret crime to Lucio Herrera's friends and all the world!"

Doctor Fornés spoke like one possessed, and in repeating the funereal and evocative name, the room seemed to become filled with his presence. My friend's long scientific dissertation had distracted me from that memory, and his name suddenly returned to renew my human sympathy in the narration. I did not yet comprehend the whole of that drama, but his own fragmentary and confused recon-

struction of it completed my uncertainty in the very room, in the Calle de Canning, where the unfortunate experiment must have taken place. Night had now closed in; the shadow and the place gave a background of mystery to Doctor Fornés's evocations. His discourse was animated both with harsh science and that obscure presence of death that lends to human thought a grandiose echo and is doubtless what has saved the great books of the Orient from oblivion. The night wind, which a moment before blew through the open window, had then become graver, and in the dark foliage of the garden and the high openings of the skylight, it modulated its chimerical tones as if a patrol of goblins had come to listen to us whisperingly, near the walls of the pavilion, illuminated, fantastic, spectral, amid the trees and the night.

Doctor Fornés walked to the next room and opened an iron safe that was visible from my seat. When he returned to his place, he brought a small vial, and holding it out to me, he said:

"There you have the psychine."

The little vial, hermetically sealed, had a small blue label, on which were seen curious figures, combined with a Greek β .

I understood that we were reaching the critical point in which all the scattered facts were to be brought together in a reasonable explanation, or that they would turn out to prove that my friend the doctor was quite mad.

Doctor Fornés thus resumed his confidence.

"Lucio Herrera was aware of my discovery and he knew how far I had gone in my investigations. He knew, for instance, that in the most audacious of my experiments, I had effected the death and resurrection of a monkey. I told him, besides, that I was concerned over the need of a technical experiment upon a man. One afternoon, when he appeared suddenly in the garden, he surprised me with Job, my gorilla, to whom I had spoken in a frenzied protest because he was unable to tell me what he had felt during the coma. In short, Lucio had heard me complain of the prejudices and laws that did not permit a

man of learning, under such circumstances, to practise experiments that might be useful to life, by operating upon the bodies of idiots, for example, or of those who were condemned to death. All these ideas were throbbing in my head and in my mind, with the imperiousness of necessity, when I felt the diabolic seduction that was dragging me toward the experiment that was perhaps a crime. I made painful efforts not to yield to the temptation, and suddenly it was as if the fatal idea had leaped from my head to Lucio's. I had roundly refused to supply him any poison. I had been insensible and deaf to his supplications. He besought me with humility, with a vehemence like that of lovers or beggars. I even threatened him with not permitting him to enter the room. He went so far as to offer me his brains and marrow for the microtomy of the laboratory. After such alternatives, and when I thought I had overcome him entirely, he said to me, with an insinuating, supplicating, desperate voice:

"Good; then I deliver myself to you in order that you may repeat upon me the experiment that you made with Job the gorilla."

"When I heard him, I remained motionless in my chair, frozen, looking at him fixedly. He doubtless believed that I could not resuscitate him, and I who had complete assurance of doing so, felt the seduction of that hour, unique in my life. I do not know if you understand me. That was the hour of love, the hour of crime, the hour of truth, the hour of death, that occurs only once in the life of each man. Something stronger than I was possessed me, and I began to work, without precipitancy, without uncertainty, without remorse, without a shadow of satanic or ghastly emotion. I took only two precautions: to go to see if the garden gates were closed and to make sure that my servants were asleep. When I returned to the cabinet, Lucio Herrera, who had stripped himself from his waist up and had stretched himself upon that divan, was waiting serenely, and while I was filling the syringe, he commented pleasantly: 'If the gods were not immortal, the natural death of the gods would be like

that which is bestowed by these admirable poisons.'

"It was a quarter after eleven at night, on the twenty-second of June, when I injected some thirty centigrams of my alkaloid, my psychine, not yet Röntgenized, that is, not charged with the occult lights of radium, in which resides the particularity of my experiment. I seated myself at his side to make observations upon his pulse, respiration, exudation, general temperature, the dilation of the pupils, always increasing, and his communication with the external world, growing less and less. In ten minutes his insensibility was absolute. You will see. . ."

Whereupon Doctor Fornés returned to the iron safe and brought an envelope sealed with wax, which he broke in my presence, and taking from it several leaves of paper, he separated from them one upon which he read, written with a pencil in enormous letters:

h. 11.40: 60 pulsations; hypothermia, transpiration.

h. 11.43: respiration slow; cyanosis.

h. 11.50: 40 irregular pulsations; coldness.

h. 11.52: reflexes, none; pupilar immobility.

h. 11.53: I have driven a pin into his chest; he did not feel it.

h. 11.56: 35 pulsations; respiration faint and very slow.

The annotations continued, equally precise and laconic, until they marked the hour of twelve at midnight: "coma." It was the next to the last line; the last of all, in steadier writing, said: "1.10 in the morning: death."

As I read that last line, I felt my anxiety increase.

"Well!" I burst out, looking fixedly at the doctor; "you will not now deny that you killed him?"

"Listen to me," he replied. "Have patience, because all that I am going to tell you is strange. I had foreseen that, like Job the gorilla, Lucio Herrera must revive, and Lucio did revive."

"What?"

"Yes; he revived; right here; that same night. I have said that I had administered the alkaloid only; afterward I used it charged with the black lights of radium. What transformations does it produce in

it? I could not say. We are now entering with it into the domains of occult chemistry in its relations with biology. Very logical, however, was the induction that led me to subject my alkaloid in an empirical manner to the absorption of the radiant forces. Present science is ignorant of the biochemical action of the alkaloids, although it points out and uses their effects upon the higher and typical functions of man: the consciousness of thought and of pain. The radiations that to-day pre-occupy chemistry act also upon the inner life of beings, and although science is ignorant of their secret, it verifies their effects upon the noble cells of the animal and upon the colored bark of vegetables, as is done by the radiation of the sun itself, the source of our life. We are, as you see, near the abyss of the mysterious. Granted the secret unity that everything in the universe announces, I imagined that intelligence ought to be a synthesis of all the radiant forces, and the human brain a powerful condenser, although still crude, of all these forces. I based my argument for it upon the fact that consciousness is confirmed by the data of the senses, and that these data are nothing more than the higher elaborations that the brain accomplishes upon the impression of partial radiations: light, heat, sound, odors, etc.—the few and meager radiations that our periphery can receive. If we could convey the actions of these radiant forces to a dead bulb, life would be resumed: such was one of my premises; and, reasoning in a similar manner, I fancied that if intelligence should continue to vibrate in the astral existence after death, when life revived in a body recently dead, it would supply a stupendous revelation regarding the unknown. It was my hallucination of that fatal night to believe that Lucio Herrera might be the agent of this superhuman exploration: *might be the specter that returns*. This belief sprang from my having succeeded in killing and immediately resuscitating Job the gorilla. It is true that my monkey died in a few hours after I revived him: he died after a prolonged crisis of convulsions and cries, which I attributed to the shock of remembering what his soul had seen on the other

side of the shadow and the pain of not being able to express it. Something similar happened to me with poor Lucio. When I verified the complete lack of temperature, respiration, sensibility and pulse, I gave a subcutaneous injection of psychinè, but Röntgenized this time. After five minutes the vital phenomena began to reappear. You can imagine my joy! The pulse beat slowly, but it beat. This agonizing situation continued until three in the morning. It began to disappear, when, at that hour, the pupilar reaction commenced to be favorable. I applied sinapisms; I gave him cognac later; and then he moved with a certain ease. Finally I saw that he was looking at me, with an expression somewhat fixed; but he was looking at me. Thus our ghost was returning, and when it could be said that he had become entirely *reincarnated* and restored to consciousness of external life, he became so angry and he gave himself over to such a madman's rage that I never expect to suffer again in all the rest of my life a more dramatic anguish than I experienced on that sad night.

"You are a wretch! You are a wretch! You are a wretch!" cried poor Lucio, looking at me furiously, with a longing to hurl himself upon me. I urged him to be calm, and not to utter those cries; I promised to explain the meaning of it all. 'You are a wretch!' he cried again, looking at the table, the curtain, the room, everything that surrounded him, as if to make sure that he was alive again. His eyes were protruding; his hair was in disorder; perspiration stood on his face, which was extremely pale. He arose from the divan with the movement of a genuine specter that returns, and taking from the table one of the retorts he hurled it with such violence over my head that it flew across the room and broke into a thousand pieces against the wall, and afterward a tumbler and then a metal rod. Suddenly, as if exhausted by his own rage, he fell screaming to the floor. I approached his side once more and succeeded in calming him. He accused me of having profaned his sorrow; of having cheated his misery; of having toyed with his shattered life; of having played with his life a game of human pride

with fatality and with death. I tried to dissuade him from this opinion, saying to him that if I had done wrong, I confessed to him to having done it from a generous temptation. Then, upon my promise to give him morphine, in order that he might kill himself at home, I induced him to write upon a sheet of paper something of what he said he had felt during his death."

"And he wrote it?" I asked him.

"Yes; he wrote it."

"Right here?"

"Here; upon this very table."

"Have you the document?"

"I have it, yes; along with the other of the observations."

From the sealed envelope which he had already broken he took out two tablet leaves, upon which I recognized Lucio Herrera's writing, familiar to me.

If I could doubt earlier Doctor Fornés's truthfulness or sanity, that document was a verification of his words. When I had examined it minutely, the chemist took it back courteously, and he began to read it, with his voice somewhat shaken by emotion. I listened to him absorbed, drinking in his words with desperate avidity, all the light of my soul gathered in my eyes.

The document ran thus:

I, Lucio Herrera, an Argentine, on the eve of death, declare that what I write here is true. Doctor Miguel Aníbal Fornés, my friend, has just accomplished upon me a notable experiment this night, June 22, 1905, in Buenos Aires, our city. The experiment consisted in having injected into me a substance which he says he extracted from the Smyrna poppy. This substance caused my death, and then, by means of the same alkaloid Röntgenized, he says he has restored my life, as may be verified by these lines which I write here at the doctor's invitation. That I have been dead, I can not doubt, because I have the conviction of having been. After the first injection, I felt an itching of the ears, the nose and the tips of the fingers. Then I began to perspire, to feel an enormous weariness, to lose sensibility. It seemed to be a passage from a laborious vigil to a deep sleep. I thought then that I was a paralytic, for by merely thinking of moving, my extremities felt like a colossal weight that I desired to move. Thus I fell to believing myself all soft, without a skeleton, my body all mucilaginous, viscous, damp and dense. My body grew and became

polyfurcated into tentacles so infinitely long that I thought myself a universal mollusk with a human head and ribbons of matter that undulated through space and rested upon the planets, enveloping them as Saturn is surrounded by the fluid of his rings. My flesh, soft, opaque, had, in the light of those skies, green, yellow, violet reflections, like the iridescent surface of swamps in the afternoon. Soon my body became mingled with the infinite and dissolved in it, phosphorescent, of ethereal light. Perhaps it was after this moment that Doctor Fornés pricked me in the chest with a pin, as he says, for I did not feel it or complain or even bleed. I lost consciousness of my body, I say, but not of my being, as all my *I* was then like a fluid sphere, like a light blazing within me. The light that sweetly illuminated me tinged the sphere with orange and then blue and violet, but by very subtle transitions of color. Within it, and as if the light of the sphere might be looking at itself, "I" contemplated the most absurd visions, visions without any logic of form or succession. It was soon a procession of souls raising clouds of star dust upon the road to eternity—dust that glowed with celestial splendors. I saw also a river of blood that flowed by me, and in the troubled waves that swelled from its bosom, were formed heads of menacing eumenides or voluptuous sirens, whose faces were like reminiscences of women I had sometimes loved and for whom I had suffered. I felt in my very soul the turbulences and bitternesses of that river. I saw also upon its banks—since I myself every little while was that strange river—exotic woodlands, marvelous gardens, human trees that raised to my zenith their tormented arms, musical trees that filled the air with unheard-of symphonies. By the river I entered upon a great sea, and I saw in the sea an island of gold, where the air had the taste of the richest fruits and the aroma of the favorite essences of the ancient kings. I saw also mountains, many-colored pagodas, materialized symbols, towers of azure, which faded away into their own substance, monsters that whistled with a shrill echo when they passed over or by me, beating their great wings in the sphere of the light of my own ambit. Little by little these visions became more and more ephemeral and confused. The last of them was a succession of seven beautiful, naked virgins, each of whom had her delicate wrists, fine ankles, hieratic neck, lascivious waist, encircled with dazzling gems, and from their girdles hung disturbing symbols. This was the last I saw, and when I beheld the figures pass, I followed them; but they went on until

they disappeared beyond the luminous sphere. In attempting to pass it, I fell suddenly into a bottomless abyss, without bounds, without end—the abyss of abysses, the pit of the ages and of night! When I fell into its immensity, I shouted aloud. I say that I shouted out in terror, although Doctor Fornés tells me that he heard naught of my cry here upon the earth. At that moment I was a shadow, as also was the abyss into which I fell; but, like one who goes forth from himself, I felt that I was beginning to escape from that darkness: perhaps my soul was leaving it, more as the air issues from a flute, purified in music. I say that it came forth thus: it was soon in me like a sensation of liberty, of beatitude, of true life. My being undulated over the element that was itself undulating like waves over the ocean. All around was silence, melodious silence, the rhythm of eternity. This must have been what people are wont to call the music of the spheres. Music it was without doubt; but soundless music, generative number, the vibration of spheres, the ecstasy of worlds. It must have been what we call death. My soul floated in its immensity, harmonious and aerial, like a nimbus of silver on a summer night, all mysterious with its silence and its moon. Would I could relate, not what my soul has seen, because it has seen nothing; nor what it has heard, for it has heard nothing; but what *It*. . . .

"Here the document ends," said Doctor Fornés.

"How so?" I asked.

"It seems like a fatality. While Lucio was writing, I had been pacing the room. He wrote rapidly what we have read: rapidly, as if some one were dictating it, without blots or errors, as you can see. He wrote with a blue pencil, which also I preserve, so that almost no noise was produced as the pencil passed over the pad. I was walking, waiting for him to finish, when I saw him suddenly turn pale, stop writing and fall cold and relaxed upon the table, his face pressed close to the papers, his left arm hanging down until it almost touched the floor, with the hand limp. He had just died at that very moment."

"How do you explain to yourself that death?"

"I do not know. I no longer need to know. I have thought much about it, without arriving at anything certain: wanderings, wanderings, nothing more!

I have vacillated between every kind of hypothesis. I have thought I saw in it the vengeance of the occult powers that rule the world, if it may be that they are intelligent powers like ourselves. I have believed also that Lucio was dead from the time of the coma, that is, from midnight, and that his resurrection was only a physical phenomenon occasioned by the action of the radiant energy upon the centers of life, as I imagined, but a physical phenomenon and nothing more."

"And you, what did you do when you saw him fall?"

"I ran to his side; I spoke to him, shook him, stretched him on the divan; I rubbed him with a brush, applied plasters to him, administered him caffeine, drew his tongue out. No result! All was hopeless! He was absolutely dead, deader than any other corpse. He was frozen, limp, motionless, pallid. Dead, I tell you, wholly dead! What do you suppose I did? I dropped upon his own divan, with one of his own hands in mine; I meditated an instant, and it was as if in a single moment all the fabric of the world, upset thus by my pride, had fallen upon my shoulders. I should have succumbed right here, close to Lucio's corpse, but I remembered my wife and I recognized other responsibilities. I noted the time: it was four o'clock in the morning. An hour later, and the dawn would begin to appear. I felt the urgency of concluding the affair before daybreak. I saw that on the next day my name, my position, my career would fall to pieces beneath the justice of the state and the ignominy of society. No solution occurred to me. I then put out the light in the room and closed the door, leaving the corpse here inside; I made my way through the garden like an assassin until I reached the quarters where my wife slept. More than once she had remained with me in the laboratory until very late; but no sooner should I open the door than she would get up to receive me. She saw me enter that night, and she surmised immediately the tragedy, I do not know whether by the penetration of love or because I bore upon my own face the traces of that secret horror.

"What is the matter," she asked me, looking at me with alarm.

"Lucio Herrera has just met his death in the laboratory," I answered.

"She asked me a thousand questions; I answered them uneasily, telling her briefly what had occurred.

"What is to be done?" I said to her.

"Run to the police and announce that he has died."

"I objected, because it would be to run into danger. I already had a presentiment of it from that night. I knew that I should not be able to tell the whole truth, because neither the law nor morality would have upheld me. I was afraid of the autopsy; I feared justice; I feared the truth itself. I know that I was not and am not a criminal. There were many excuses for me, but society would not have excused me. I explained all these reflections to my wife. She put on her shoes quickly; and, throwing over her shoulders a cloak and muffling her neck with a fur boa, she took my arm, saying:

"Let us go to the laboratory."

"I never felt such confidence in poor Esther's mind as on that horrible night in June! We came to the laboratory, where she was deeply stirred, but, in spite of everything, she immediately worked out a solution, the only practicable one."

"What was it?" I interrogated, longing for the dénouement of that train of episodes.

"What I did in order to save myself: I put on the chauffeur's coat and hood, placed Lucio's body in the rear of my automobile, took out of his pocket the key to his *zaguán*, started to his house in Belgrano, where he lived at the time completely alone. His street, happily, was an isolated one and deserted. Esther, feeling very nervous, had refused to await me in her rooms until I returned. She said she must accompany me to the end, and that she would face with me whatever happened. She got into the car with me, filled with that daring courage that love inspires and with superstitious fear of the corpse that we had dressed and secured on the rear seat, under the covered hood. She sat in front, clinging closely to my arm. We descended through the

avenues of Alvear and Vértiz, feeling in our faces the cold night wind. When we reached Belgrano, we carefully removed the body, acting as if it were a sick man that could walk, in case any one saw us, I holding him by one arm and she by the other, with her face turned away in horror. No one saw us, fortunately, while we were carrying him into the *zaguán*, which we opened and closed with the dead man's own key. I confess that this was my only clandestine act during all that night: sinister, without doubt, but not villainous. As we returned through the avenues of Palermo toward this house, the pale dawn of winter was already beginning to redden the damp outline of the rising sun above the turbid waters of the Plata. What profound sadness there was in that dawn, my friend! My wife and I felt racked with physical weariness and with depression and uncertainty regarding the future."

"What has been the epilogue?"

"That on the same morning, when the housekeeper went to open the street door of the house in Belgrano, she came upon Lucio's body in the *zaguán*. Through the colored glass, the blue light of the morning cast a melancholy glow over the body of the victim. It was then that the tragedy burst. The dailies, the law, popular rumor! The lack of evidence stimulated comment. Conjecture was abused to the extreme of the incredible. Crime? No traces were found. Sudden death? The autopsy rejected it. Suicide? Ah! If I had doubted, even for an instant, that my röntgenized alkaloid was not going to resuscitate him—as it resuscitated Job the gorilla, my India rabbits and, indeed, Lucio himself—I should have asked him to write previously the last words of suicides: 'Do not blame any one for my death.' Lucio Herrera was without family in Buenos Aires. His mother, alone and a widow, lived in a distant province. They looked through his papers for a line of farewell and announcement; but nothing was found. It was then that they returned with eagerness to the hypothesis of crime, of poisoning. Pancho Berdía declared at the inquest that he had heard

Lucio say that afternoon that he was going to visit me during the evening. The magistrate summoned me to the inquest, and you can imagine my effort to feign ignorance and calmness. I confined myself to saying that it was true that Lucio had been in my laboratory until ten o'clock; that I had observed him to be very much disturbed that night; but that I knew nothing about him from the hour indicated. This was sufficient for calumny: insidious conjectures arose to stain my hearth."

When he reached this point, Doctor Fornés changed his tone; his voice became firmer, his look more painful. His wife had died a few months after the event, and it was to her that he was referring: public rumor had come to speak of a conjugal vengeance, in which Lucio appeared as the cause of a wholly imaginary and vulgar tragedy.

Doctor Fornés, rising, recapitulated:

"This is what I desired to tell you in order to free my dead one from what you might have heard against her, and in order that you yourself might rehabilitate me. Do you now believe me to be guilty of a crime?"

"No," was my categorical reply.

I have thought much, since that night, upon this singular case, which interested me because of its depth of human sorrow and its scientific audacity. Lucio Herrera's resurrection and the document that attests it, as well as the psychine and the occult radiations, must some time occupy the scientific academies. For the present, this narrative can only be a problem of professional morality which I present to the consideration of physicians, lawyers, judges and philosophers. As I have declared, however, my endeavor to relate it and to publish it is addressed simply to rehabilitating the names of Lucio Herrera and Doctor Fornés.

May the spirit of the devoted wife, also now departed, hallow from the ineffable these expiatory pages, as she hallowed with her living presence the grave mansion in the Calle de Canning.

WILLIAM LANE IN PARAGUAY

REPORTAGE

Paraguay, the "monastic colony," where, in the Jesuit missions, a kind of communism flourished for many years, has appealed to the imagination of colonizers with dreams of social reconstruction, as a fruitful field for experiment. The following article is a description of an attempt at communism made there by a considerable party of Australians.—THE EDITOR.

THE most interesting men are the founders of institutions. After them come those who have attempted to found them and have not succeeded, like poor William Lane, the last of the romantics, who has just died in a city of Australia.

Who was Lane? He might have been what others were, but he dreamed much, and that was his vice and his ruin.

Ramiro de Maeztú thus relates to us Lane's hard and tortuous story:

"William Lane was born in England fifty-six years ago. At the age of fifteen he emigrated to the United States, where he worked first as a typesetter and then as a reporter. Afterward he went to Australia, where the transparency of his ideas and the honesty of his purposes quickly gained for him the confidence of the working classes, who found in his writings the gospel adapted to their innermost ideals. Lane believed that all evil comes from without, and particularly from capitalism and wages, and that as soon as the state should be established in accordance with the theories of socialism, malice, hatred, wickedness, envy and cruelty would disappear wholly from the earth. The general strike of 1890 in Australia fixed in his mind the idea that the moment had arrived for him to do something.

"In 1893, he set sail from Australia bound for Paraguay, in the bark *Royal Star*, which carried the members of the new Australian Coöperative Colonization Society, organized by our Lane. He had with him, in addition to the vessel, which was his, a capital of five hundred thousand francs. The government of Paraguay had granted him, free of all taxes, about fifteen hundred square kilometers of ter-

ritory, situated at a distance of some thirty leagues from Asunción.¹

"Difficulties had already begun when the expedition set out. Lane had learned that some of his companions preferred to obey him without discussing, to taking the trouble to study his plans. This discovery made him an authoritarian. When once the voyage had begun, Lane thought it necessary to forbid the women to go on deck between nightfall and daybreak; but, as the women felt the heat too much in the depths of the ship, they rose against the prohibition, and one young woman danced on the paper in which he had promulgated the order.

"The second grave question arose in Paraguay; for Lane prohibited his companions the use of alcoholic drinks, and as a punishment for the infraction of his order he expelled three of the community. As a punishment it was too severe, because these three unfortunates lost not only their work of several months, but also the money they had contributed to the creation of the coöperative society. Eighty other members of the community rose against the despotism of Lane, and when the second Australian expedition reached Paraguay, William Lane found himself deposed from the leadership.

"The colony was dissolved a few months later, in consequence of the fundamental defect in its constitution. It engaged principally in the exploitation of the forests. Some of its members were brawny forest workmen; others were, on the contrary,

¹At about the same time, Bernard Foerster, a German, married to the sister of the philosopher Nietzsche, led a colony of his fellow-countrymen to the northern regions of Paraguay, on the banks of the Jejuí. It failed in a short time. He committed suicide, and Elie, his wife, returned to Germany to take care of her brother.—THE EDITOR.

dreamers, with more of a liking for words than for the ax. As the products of the colony were for all, according to the constitution of the colony, the more laborious got tired of working for those who were lazy.

"Lane lived in Paraguay until 1899, struggling six years in behalf of his dream. The colony beheld its supplies and its credit disappear; and when its members could not satisfy the most elementary demands, the colony dissolved.

"Years later William Lane passed disillusioned through the streets of London. A friend asked him on a certain occasion what was the best method of governing men, and Lane, carrying his hand to his trousers' pocket, showed his revolver.

"Lane had his idea and he tried it out. His glory loses no great thing because he

failed. Humanity learns infinitely more from ideas that are tried and that fail, than from those that serve only as ideas and do not move the muscles. After all, it is quite probable that Lane failed only because of excess of virtue. Perhaps if he had been a little less heroic and a little more flexible he would have prospered.

"About three centuries ago there set out from the coasts of England, also in a sailing-vessel, the *Mayflower*, another expedition, whose members, called afterward 'pilgrim fathers,' were no less visionary than those who went with Lane to Paraguay. The pilgrim fathers disembarked at Plymouth, to the south of Boston, and they founded there a meager little colony. Do you know what its name is at present? It is the United States of North America."

A CREED

BY

ALFREDO BAQUERIZO MORENO

PRESIDENT OF ECUADOR

I BELIEVE in Liberty Almighty, Creator of Democracy and the Republic, and in Justice, the noblest, the severest and the most beautiful of her daughters.

I believe in Work, which suffered beneath the power of Slavery, descended into the hell of hunger and misery, and rose again, after many days and many years and many centuries, covered with dust and blood, from the midst of the ruin and the wreckage of Tyranny. I believe that the life of calumny reached even to the cross with Christ, to the hemlock with Socrates, to the scourge and the block with Paul; but I believe also that the truth shone forth straightway, and was called Christ, Socrates or Paul.

I believe in Order as the instinct of conservation and progress, and I believe

in Progress, from the infusoria to man, and from Man to the Unknown and Infinite, and I believe that every one ought to try to say to himself: "I believe in myself, because I am will and faith, honor and conscience; and I believe in others, because others are society and love and humanity.

I believe in the Patria, and I trust in her as a son trusts in the affection and watch-care of his mother. I believe in the sweat that waters and fertilizes the soil of the Patria, and I believe in the sacrifice and the death that defend and exalt her. I believe, above all things, in the fulfilment of Duty, in the virtue of Perseverance, in the resurrection of Social Justice and in the fecundity and glory of a life of goodness, simplicity and abnegation, now, in the ages that are and are to be.

CONQUEST, COLONIZATION, INDEPENDENCE

BY

MIGUEL LUIS AMUNÁTEGUI

What follows was published by the author more than fifty years ago as the Introduction to his noted historical work, *Descubrimiento i conquista de Chile*. We venture to reproduce it to-day, both in order to make our readers acquainted with one of the great Chilean historians, but even more because of the inherent value of the article and its applicability to many present conditions. He emphasizes, above all, the difference between the Spaniards as conquerors and as colonizers, as a means of teaching the importance of individual freedom, responsibility and initiative, in contrast with government domination, interference and stimulus, on the one hand, and popular subservience to, and reliance upon, the nation, province or municipality, on the other. The fullest possible individual liberty and initiative and the most completely diffused education, as he conceived them to exist in the United States, even in his day, were the crying need throughout the continent. Curiously enough, the Spanish imperial and monopolistic paternalism, which failed as a planter and developer of colonies in America, has been strikingly parodied by the German empire, which, impelled by the same spirit and following somewhat the same methods, has brought upon the world unfathomable woe and upon herself ignominy and ruin.—THE EDITOR

THE conquest of the western Indies was one of the most wonderful events in the records of humanity. Its reality surpasses in dramatic quality and grandeur all the inventions of the most fertile poets. The annals of the conquest that confine themselves to narrating facts, in a plain and perhaps careless style, produce a greater effect upon the imagination than the best poems in which all the resources of fancy and all the adornments of art have been exhausted. "Although falsehood on its part infuse the most ingenious element of the fable," says a Spanish author of the seventeenth century, alluding to the war of Arauco, "it could not compare with the truth of our history;" and it must be confessed that the observation is one of the justest. Don Alonso de Ercilla, by merely riming what he saw and did and adding to it very few fictions, which form the defective part of his work, composed the most famous of the Castilian epics.

"Never did a nation," wrote López Gómara in the dedication to the emperor Carlos V of his *Historia general de las Indias*, "spread so much as the Spanish one her customs, her language and her arms, or travel so far by sea and land with weapons on her shoulder."

What astonishes in the great number of expeditions that, as a result, brought to Spain the discovery and subjection of the

greatest of the five parts of the world is not the struggle of the Europeans with the Indians, although it doubtless offered difficulties and serious dangers, for after all every European was equal to a thousand Indians and perhaps more. Arms and strategy, ships and horses, and powder, and physical and moral superiority gave to the invaders immense advantages over those they attacked.

Nevertheless, it is important not to exaggerate the inequality of the resources. In comparison, the Spaniards were strong, the Indians weak; but resistance was often desperate, and hundreds of the conquerors had to pay for the temerity of their effort with their lives.

Not to depart from my subject, the valley of Arauco alone was the sepulcher of entire armies.

"And it certainly is a matter of wonder," said don Alonso de Ercilla, who spoke not from hearsay but from his own experience, "that although as the Araucanians do not possess a region of more than twenty leagues, and have not in all of it a settled town, a wall or a strong house for their defense, and are without arms, that is, defensive ones, which the long extended war has worn out or consumed, and live in a land that was not wild, surrounded by three Spanish towns, and with two forts in the midst of it, they have, by pure valor and daring determination, won and maintained their liberty, shedding as a sacrifice

for it so much blood, both their own and that of the Spaniards, that it may truly be said there are few places which are not stained by it and covered with bones, the dead not lacking those who will succeed them in maintaining their opinion; as their sons, longing to avenge their dead fathers, with the natural rage that stirs them and the courage they inherited from them, anticipating the flight of the years and taking up arms out of season, offer themselves to the hardships of war; and so great is the dearth of men, because of the many that have died in this cause, that, in order to increase the volume and swell the squadrons, the women also go to war, and, fighting sometimes like men, deliver themselves to death with great courage."

Some years later, a Spanish genius, who said he had talked in Lima with soldiers from Chile, did not hesitate to affirm that "if the proud Romans who mastered by their arms the last confines of the world should find themselves in a campaign against the indomitable barbarians of Chile, they would doubtless lose the old splendor of their monarchy, because the ancient furor of the Araucanians would hurl them to death, even to the point of prostrating upon the ground the eagles of their banners;" and further on, continuing to make use of classic allusions to express his enthusiasm, he adds that "the state of Arauco, small in extent, since it contains only eighteen leagues, is covered with the bones of Spaniards, and that with fewer soldiers than those that Chile has cost, Alexander made himself lord of all the Orient."¹

Testimonies as competent as these show that the wars of the conquest were very far from being simple military outings. I do not deny that there were then fulfilled the stories of the books of knight-errantry, and that a single warrior might have been able to account for a band of perhaps a thousand opponents; but we must admit that the numerical disproportion between the Christians and the aborigines overcame the many advantages that existed in favor of the former.

¹From the prologue of the play entitled: *Algunas hazañas de las muchas de don García Hurtado de Mendoza*.

Be this as it may, however, what there certainly was of grandeur lay in the struggle of the conquerors with the gigantic nature of the New World. In the succession of those events, astonishment is awakened not so much by the military manœuvres and battles with which the Spaniards overcame the Indian nations, as by the toils and the weariness they had to endure in order to master the American soil, a soil uncultivated and savage, which offered to the conquerors a resistance certainly more difficult to overcome than that of the inhabitants. The Spaniards—their weapons on their backs and struggling with weariness, hunger, thirst, the harshness of the weather, the fierceness of the ferocious beasts that defended the quietude of their lairs and the venomous stings of the thousands of insects that darkened the sky—had to open a passage through the primitive and impenetrable forests where a human footprint had never been pressed, through bogs and marshes covered with a deceptive verdure or over pampas that seemed as far-reaching as the ocean, and in which water was lacking; they had to wade rivers that seemed like arms of the sea; and they had to climb the loftiest and steepest cordilleras of the planet. One of the chroniclers of the Indies was able to say, with well founded pride, that such undertakings would have frightened "any other nation that did not possess the invincible will of those valiant Castillians, who were already well accustomed to going, without fear of hunger, thirst or any other danger, without guides, without knowing the roads, through fearful thickets, and to crossing swollen rivers and the roughest and most inaccessible sierras, fighting at one and the same time with the enemy, with the elements and with hunger, exhibiting in everything invincible hearts, enduring their labors with robust bodies, and at other times making long journeys by night and by day, through cold and heat, burdened with food and arms heaped together, and exercising different trades, since they were soldiers, and, when it was necessary, miners and sappers, and at other times, carpenters and experts in splicing; for the chief and noblest work was

when it became necessary to build a bridge or a raft to pass a river or for something else necessary in some enterprise; they laid hands on the ax to cut down a tree, to drag it and trim it for what was needed."²

The difficulties of the American nature were all the more terrible in proportion as they were more mysterious. The Spaniards marched blindly, without knowing for certain what awaited them at the end of their journey. They had to fight not only with insects, wild beasts, men, swamps, forests, rivers, deserts, cordilleras, but also with the unknown. What was that which was on the other side of the forest or on the other bank of the river? What was there beyond the Andes? They were absolutely ignorant. Nevertheless, they went forward, detained by nothing, putting up with all kinds of troubles and despising every kind of danger, without having any reliable information as to what might come forth to meet them in the valley they were preparing to enter, or when they had crossed the cordillera they were climbing.

It may be seen that the conquest of America was no child's play.

However, the Spaniards, the Spanish adventurers, were able to carry everything through: they imposed laws upon the Indians; they laid the foundations of hundreds of cities; they marked out with their victorious swords upon a continent, which they had wrested not only from the inhabitants but also from nature, provinces and kingdoms, according to their whim; and they left as monuments of their glory, instead of the triumphant arches and pyramids that time reduces to dust, rivers, regions, cordilleras, seas and towns baptized with their names.

How did the adventurers of the sixteenth century, who usually came with only a sword and cloak, as Ercilla says of Pedro de Valdivia, succeed in achieving an enterprise of such dimensions?

In my view, the cause of so great a marvel has not been clearly determined hitherto.

The explanation of this fact contains, at least in my judgment, a practical political lesson of supreme importance.

The Spanish adventurers of the sixteenth century were able to accomplish so portentous an achievement because no one thought of setting bounds upon their spontaneity, of subjugating their personal initiative to rules. This is the secret of their splendid triumphs. The sovereigns of Spain said to their subjects:

"There you have a world that the Italian navigator has discovered for us, abandoned in the middle of the ocean, and which the Pope has adjudicated to us. It is populated with idolaters whom it is necessary to subjugate in order to convert them to the faith of Christ. It contains gold that will make those who go to take possession of it richer than kings. Go, you who wish to serve God and seek riches; go and conquer it; I grant you permission to do so."

The Spaniards who felt equal to the enterprise embarked as they could for America, and they went to undertake its conquest, also as they could.

The adventurers supplied themselves with arms and outfits; they decided which of them were to be captains and which soldiers; they assigned to themselves the discovery and the conquest of the portion of the new continent that suited them best; they arranged for themselves the plans of the campaigns they were to follow.

What I have just set forth was the general rule for the conquest of America; there might have been cases that were not in conformity with it; there might have been certain slight arrangements that contradicted it; but they were exceptions that are not to be taken into account.

This scheme fitted their purpose so well that, in a little more than half a century, a whole world—and in this term there is no metaphor—was conquered and subjected to Spain.

What produced a result so marvelous and rapid was, beyond a doubt, their having left its free development to personal inspiration. Each conqueror was a force that gave out, without limitation, all it could give.

In order to prove the truth of these assertions, let us try to imagine what would have happened if the conquerors of America, instead of acting for themselves, had been machines, moved by the frown

²Herrera: *Historia general*, década 5, book 10, chapter 2.

of the sovereign, who resided thousands of leagues beyond the ocean.

Upon this hypothesis, the conquest of the New World by the Spaniards would have been impossible, wholly impossible.

The adventurers of the sixteenth century, left to their own resources, sought arms, munitions and supplies at their own cost, as best they could, spending all the gold they had saved and securing and taking money borrowed at unheard-of usury, in the hope of possessing themselves of regions whose wealth would compensate for such sacrifices. The conquest was for them a speculation, carried on with an armed hand. Individual interest impelled them to snatch from beneath the ground, if I may be permitted to use this common expression, the wealth they needed.

If the king had been the one who organized and therefore fitted out the expedition, where would he have found the millions that it would have been necessary to expend in salaries, arms and provisions? We may be very sure that the value of Isabel the Catholic's jewels would not have been sufficient for it. Remember that at the time, first, the king, Fernando, and afterward, the emperor, Carlos, were involved in wasteful European wars that exhausted the treasury of Spain; remember that the second of these had on occasions to sign a peace, defeated, not by the force of arms, but by the bareness of the exchequer; and that at others he was reduced to the point of not having the wherewithal to pay his troops.

Those who led the Spanish conquerors were the bravest of the brave and the most capable of the capable. It would have been useless to raise the banner of enlistment for any expedition whatsoever, if the captain had not been worth while, for no adventurer would have risked his fortune or his life under the orders of one who was not entitled to command or to be obeyed. Thanks to the perfect liberty of action that existed, the leaders among the conquerors were those whom Alexander the Great would have wished to have for his successors, and the most worthy.

If, however, the conquest had been directed, not by the spontaneousness of individuals, but by the authority of the

monarch, the Corteses, the Pizarros, the Almagros and the Valdivias would have had to wear themselves out with impatience under the command of the incapable favorites of the court, the fosterlings of the Fonsecas.

The Spanish conquerors did not wait for instructions from the court in order to make their resolves. They marched in search of the great ocean, attacked México, imprisoned Atahualpa in the midst of his troops, explored the Amazon, started expeditions, abandoned those already begun, founded cities, created provinces, upon their own sole responsibility, according to the inspiration of the moment, in view of the particular circumstances.

What would have happened, if it had been necessary that the plans of the conquest should be considered and approved in Spain? The example of Columbus, who lost eight years before the Catholic sovereigns regarded with favor his great project of discovery, can answer the question.

Spain became possessed of the New World because she permitted the free development of the individual powers. If she had attempted to put the direction of everything in the hands of a few men only, those of the king and his courtiers, perhaps she would have conquered some of the Antilles, but she certainly would not have conquered America.

This is a fact that appears in every one of the pages of so interesting a period.

As if the intention was to show the practical consequences of each system, the period of the conquest was followed by that of the colony.

All the grandeur that inhered in the former of these periods was petty in the latter.

Would you know the cause of the difference?

According to my opinion, it is very clear.

In the conquest, human activity could develop freely; in the colony, everything was done to make the individuals feel, think and will according to the dictates of Jupiter Olympus, whose throne stood far away, in a very remote land, on the other side of the seas. Therefore the conquest was so brilliant and so fruitful in great

results, and the colony was so miserable and so sterile. I am not the first to say that the conquest was superior to the most magnificent epics conjured up by the most creative of poets. As for the colony, we experience, in reading the chronicles and documents in which its deeds are recorded, not the sadness that is felt by the soul in the presence of great ruins, the sadness of Rioja before the destroyed arches of Itálica, but the depression that saddens the heart when we contemplate that which might have been something, perhaps much, and, nevertheless, has been nothing.

The power of the absolute monarch, with thousands of vassals who are moved at his impulse only, can never be equal to the power of a like number of individuals who exercise their faculties without compulsion, and who do everything in their power.

For this reason I consider highly instructive the spectacle of the conquest of the New World, carried to a happy termination by soldiers, rude, avaricious, fanatical, unruly, cruel, if you will, but such as manifested, in the realization of great and most difficult enterprises, how much men are capable of when they are moved by personal initiative, without being limited to serving as the mere instruments of another's will, without being subjected to submitting previously their conduct, point by point, to the approval of a superior, as if they were friars bound by the vow of passive obedience.

This historical experience of the power of human spontaneity ought to be very beneficial to the Hispano-American republics, where so many are trying to centralize all the social forces in the government. The history of the conquest of America demonstrates in each of its pages the extent of the free action of individuals and the impotence of an exaggerated governmental authority. It is proper therefore to set this picture before those who aspire to make of governments visible providences and of societies civil convents; before those who seek "to slay the will, that is, personality, in those who are associated together," according to the profound words of an Hispano-American thinker, "by reducing them to the passive condition, in which they are to expect everything of

the government, by accustoming them to behold as *alien* what is *public*: revenue, highways, schools, territory, all that belongs to the government. Fatal idolatry!"³

Men of all epochs and all countries are alike: they are men. What enabled the Spaniards of the conquest to do great things will enable their descendants to do others no less great, although of a different character; because it is not now a question of occupying land and killing Indians, but of organizing civilized and well constituted republics.

The routinary habits of the colonial period are principally those that foster among us the centralizing tendencies that sap the vitality of our republics by giving to only a dozen or so persons the exclusive and detailed management of the social movement.

For many years the trip from Callao to Chile was so long that vessels took a whole year at least to go and return, because they did not dare to depart from the coast, and they were in the habit of calling at all the intermediate ports to supply themselves with water and provisions.

At length a European pilot, the same one who gave his name to the islands of Juan Fernández, leaving the coast and venturing fearlessly upon the high sea, sought a route across the ocean, and thus he succeeded in reaching Chile in a little more than thirty days.

His intelligence and audacity secured for him the name of *wizard* and a trial by the inquisition of Lima, which, in its mania to regulate everything, seemed also inclined even to fix the furrow of ships upon the liquid surface of the sea. Juan Fernández defended himself by showing his log, and he convinced all, including the inquisitors, that the other mariners would have been able to make the same voyage in an equally brief period, if they had decided to abandon the coast during former years.

Since then the voyage between Chile and Perú has taken, not months, but days.

The Hispano-American republics ought to imitate the daring of the pilot Juan Fernández, the *wizard*.

They would do well to abandon the

³Señor J. M. Ancízar, in a letter to the author.

route of the colony in order to follow another, shorter and more sure. They ought fearlessly to reform the political system whose model is to be found in the laws of the Indies, and which, by exclusively strengthening governments, makes nothing of individuals by replacing thousands of forces by a single force, which, although elevated to a higher potency, can never produce what so many independent forces would produce.

To these observations the partisans of colonial centralization are wont to reply: México adopted the same constitution as the United States; and in spite of the fact that the former of these republics is perhaps more favored by nature than the latter, or at least as favored as she is, México continues to be given over to anarchy and to a backwardness that is rapidly verging upon most shameful ruin.

This is an undeniable fact; but what does it signify?

A constitution that is not practised is a copy-book that lacks the virtue of reforming society.

Although a column of bronze be erected in the center of the chief plaza of the capital of Paraguay, and there be engraved upon it the famous constitution of the United States, the mere presence of such a monument certainly would not change the social condition of the monastic republic founded by Doctor Francia.⁴

Constitutions, to be effective, must be embodied, not merely in words, but in deeds.

It is not simply a question of translating words from English into Spanish, and of having printed, even by the thousand, laws that are to be observed.

What is required is that personal initiative shall not be smothered, but, on the other hand, that it shall be stimulated.

What is needed is not that there should

be organized regiments of citizens who are to become habituated to thinking and working at the superior's word of command, like soldiers who handle their arms at the orders of the captain.

It is in no way strange that México has not prospered, by promulgating a constitution that she did not put into practice.

Christian missionaries do not propagate the faith of Christ when they confine themselves to setting up crosses and leaving copies of the decalogue in the midst of savage towns. If they confine their labors merely to this; if they do not devote themselves to causing the neophytes to adjust their acts to the law of God, the barbarians, in spite of the crosses and the copies of the decalogue, will continue to be cannibals and polygamists.

The legislators and rulers of the Spanish-American republics must not only adopt liberal laws that will stimulate individual activity, in order not to leave unused any of the social forces, but they ought also to be the first to comply with them religiously, in order to teach the citizens to obey them.

However, instead of following this rule, speaking in general, the laws that favor individual sovereignty are either simply left inscribed upon paper and without any application, or more commonly others are dictated that attack and annul them.

The Hispano-American governments, by their laws and, above all, by their conduct, tend to centralize power among the smallest possible number of persons, instead of seeking to awaken the spontaneity of all the governed.

Here is where the great evil lies.

The pretense with which an attempt is made to justify this wrong procedure is that the peoples are not prepared for government by another system. So, in order to cure civic laziness, all occasion for work is removed from the individuals. What should we say, if the missionaries, with a view to fostering faith in Christ, should protect the idolatrous practices and the vicious habits of the savages?

Political dogmas, like religious dogmas, ought not to be a dead letter.

What is important is that we should not confine ourselves to copying them upon a

⁴The author falls into an error, common at the time when this work was written, in attributing the founding of a "monastic republic" to Doctor Francia. The monastic system prevailed throughout the colonial period, but when Doctor Francia assumed the direction of affairs in Paraguay, he opposed and thwarted monasticism and the power of the church in every possible way, to such an extent that even to-day the people of the republic are traditionally hostile or indifferent to ecclesiasticism.—THE EDITOR.

sheet of paper, as México did with the constitution of the United States, but that we should try to observe them in all the acts of life.

If we desire that the free development of individual forces should produce all their marvelous results, let us endeavor not to restrict the exercise of personal initiative; let us imitate in this respect the conduct of our fathers, the conquerors of America.

The discovery and conquest of the New World contain for us, according to my opinion, as I have already said, a profound lesson: for those imposing deeds show what men can do when they act without embarrassing restrictions.

Fortunately for us, we can employ, in order to obtain the benefits of civilization, the same means of individual spontaneity by avoiding the difficulties they encountered in the period to which I have just alluded.

America was the great California of the sixteenth century. The adventurers who discharged themselves upon her were, in general, the offscourings of Spanish society: ignorant and vicious, fanatical and cruel. Nevertheless, as they were able freely to exercise all their faculties, they did great things, although they were guilty of crimes and infamies. At present we have the materials for accomplishing by the same system what is great and for avoiding what is bad. The Spanish-American populations are honest and hard-working, and unquestionably better educated than the conquerors were. It is needless to demonstrate that, freed from injurious tutelage, they ought necessarily to conduct themselves in a better manner than the brutal soldiers of the conquest.

In order to assure the result even more, however, let the quality of the citizens of the American republics be improved by diffusing education among them; and let there be given them as a foundation the truest and most solid two grounds of the greatness of states: *instruction* and *liberty*.¹ There has been much discussion in Europe and America regarding the reason of the great differences in the condition that is observed between the prosperous, although at present momentarily disturbed, Anglo-American republic, and the sickly Spanish-American republics.

The cause of the differences, however, consists merely in the degree of education and liberty achieved by the former and the latter.

The United States is the prodigy of the nations of the nineteenth century. All, both her admirers and her detractors, are agreed that she is the nation that has advanced most during the last fifty years and that in many respects she has left behind the nations of the old continent,

On the contrary, the Hispano-American republics are as much condemned as the United States is admired. M. de Tocqueville has had the audacity to write with the utmost clearness:

That there are not upon the earth nations more miserable than those of South America.⁵

Such an assertion from the illustrious author of *Démocratie en Amérique* is untenable. To show this, it would be sufficient to point out on the map all the divisions of Africa, many of Asia and not a few of Europe, among them European Turkey.

Without entering, however, upon a rebuttal of a proposition that refutes itself, the mere fact that it was possible for so learned a man as de Tocqueville to give expression to it, and that it should have been repeated, as it has been by others, is sufficient to show that the Spanish-American republics have not acquired a great reputation in the world.

Why have the old Spanish colonies advanced so much shorter distances upon the highway of progress than the power of the north?

The education disseminated among all classes and the spontaneity with which individuals can work are what explains the rapid prosperity of the United States.

The other solutions that are given to this very important problem are false.

It should be said at once that geographical position does not furnish a sufficient reason.

The territory occupied by the Spanish-American republics is vaster than, and certainly not inferior to, that occupied by the Anglo-American republic.

The distinguished French traveler M.

⁵De Tocqueville: *Démocratie en Amérique*, chapter XVII, part 8.

J. J. Ampère believes that the Alexandria of the future, the coming metropolis of the commercial world, must necessarily spring up in the territory of those nations which at present are called "miserable" republics, near the point where the two Americans are united.⁶

California, a poor and unknown province while it was joined to México, has become a rich and famous state, famous from one end of the earth to the other, as the land of gold, since it went to form a part of the great North American confederation.

As can be seen, geography does not offer the solution of the problem.

The difference between the social condition of the Yankees and the creoles clearly does not spring from a characteristic superiority or inferiority between the conquering races. The English and the Spanish are two great peoples that have successively ruled the world and that have furnished history with much material. If England is at present the queen of the seas, Spain at another time, under the rule of Carlos V, was sufficiently strong to attempt the reorganization of the Roman empire for her advantage.

Although this work that I have prepared, at the instance of the señor rector of the university, covers one episode of the discovery and conquest of the New World, it mentions, nevertheless, deeds that entitle us not to be ashamed to bear the names and have the blood of the people who at one and the same time conquered America, took possession of the finest provinces of Italy, fought in the Low Countries, ruled in Germany and influenced in France and England: the people that came to possess dominions so extensive that the sun never set upon them.

Why then has the Anglo-American republic been so much more flourishing than the Spanish-American republics?

The honorable Mr. Caleb Cushing, in attempting to explain this fact in a speech upon the reason of México's backwardness, pronounced before the democratic club and a numerous gathering in Boston, in the year 1857, sought to prove, amid uproarious applause on the part of his

hearers, that the manifest and recognized superiority of the United States over México and the other Hispano-American republics is to be found in the predominance which the aboriginal and mixed races have over the European or white stock in the ancient Spanish colonies, or at least in the political equality in which they have all lived.

The revolution of México, Guatemala and other Hispano-American states to effect their separation from Spain, said the orator, was not a simple political emancipation, like that of English America or of Brazil, but a turning of the inferior races against the superior ones, of the Indians and mulattos against the whites.

This difference in the character of the revolutions supplies, according to him, the reason of the difference in the results.

The beginning of the war of independence in México, for example, he said, was a mere insurrection of the Indians, led by a proud and dissolute priest, such as Hidalgo was, a war of extermination against the Europeans and their descendants, and not a movement of political reform. The war-cry of the insurrectionists "Long live our Señora of Guadalupe, and death to the *gachupines*,"⁷ expresses perfectly what their purposes were.

The rebellion led by Morelos, another renegade priest, was a continuation of that of Hidalgo.

The Mexican revolution did not assume a serious aspect until the movement of Iguala, in which Iturbide proclaimed the equality of the races that inhabited the territory of Nueva España.

The proclamation of this principle was fatal, according to Mr. Caleb Cushing, to the future destinies of México.

Hardly had a year passed, after the celebration of the treaty of Iguala, he continued, when the indigenous and mixed races violated it, overthrew Iturbide and constituted a government whose first thought was to expel from México all the Spaniards.

Since then there has begun, Mr. Caleb Cushing says further, the series of Mexican

⁶Ampère: *Promenade en Amérique*, volume II, chapter xxii.

⁷Plural of *gachupín*, which, with the form *cachupín*, is applied derisively in México and the Caribbean countries to Spaniards born in Spain and living in America.—THE EDITOR.

revolutions, led at times by whites but more frequently stirred up by the Indians or mestizos.

Building on these historical antecedents, Mr. Caleb Cushing deduced, to the great approval of all his hearers, that the predominance of the inferior races, or at least their participation with the whites in power, is the cause of the backwardness of México and the other Hispano-American republics; and that the absolute dominion of the whites over the other races is what has saved the United States from suffering a fate equally disastrous.

In a letter with which the author addressed a copy of his speech to one of our compatriots, he says:

I should have been able to complete my idea by making a comparison of the several Hispano-American republics among themselves, at least of those that maintained a relative preponderance of Spanish blood, like Chile, for example in contrast with Perú.

If the doctrines of the honorable Mr. Caleb Cushing regarding the innate political incapacity of the Indians were well founded, we should be obliged to despair of the future of our America, inasmuch as the rapidity with which, year by year, the mestizos go on multiplying in it is an established fact. Thank God, however, the evils that retard our republics do not owe their origin to the fact that in some cases our magistrates and legislators are mulattos.

The need to justify before the civilized nations the horrible institution of negro slavery has forced the learned and naturalist Yankees of the southern states to maintain that mankind forms, not one species, but several, of different ranks.

There is a species of men, like the citizens of the great republic, designed to be lords of creation.

There are others of individuals, like the negroes, first cousins or rather half-brothers of the monkey, who have come into the world for the sole purpose of cultivating cotton under the lash of the whites.

This Yankee theory is at least as old as the discovery of America. In the first century of the conquest, the famous Doctor Juan Ginés de Sepúlveda, in order to excuse the excesses and arbitrariness of the

conquerors and the Spanish *encomenderos*,⁸ wrote in his *Demócrates segundo* that:

The Indians were naturally servants, barbarous, uncultivated and inhuman.

Fortunately the opinions of Sepúlveda and Cushing are as absurd as they are lamentable. Human science is in agreement with divine science, that all men are brothers, since they are of the same Father who is in heaven. The human genus forms one sole and only species, which is proven by the fact that all its members are endowed with reason and speech, as is shown by the fecundity of the union between individuals of the most diverse races.

Civilization is not an affair of castes.

All men, whatsoever be the color of their skins or the constitution of their craniums, can attain to it, upon condition they cultivate, and do not leave unimproved, their natural faculties, and provided they work in order to go on bettering their condition.

The facts mentioned by Cushing are beyond question; but they are to be explained, not on the ground of race, but on other grounds. The experience of the Spanish-American republics proves that those in which the whites have dominated have prospered most; but what has been the reason? That which Mr. Cushing sets forth? Certainly not.

In our continent, inhabited by so many races, the whites, in general, manage public and private affairs with greater wisdom because they are better educated and more active, and not because they are whites of blue blood and pure.

The important social fact adduced by Mr. Caleb Cushing is the result, not of race, but of the degree of education and individual spontaneity.

This is the point to which it has seemed interesting to call your attention in concluding.

The Indians and mestizos are, making

⁸The *encomendero* was the possessor of an *encomienda*, a patronage granted by royal favor over a greater or less number of Indians, avowedly for the purpose of teaching them the Christian doctrine and of protecting their lives and property; ordinarily, however, it was equivalent to a system of slavery or serfdom.—THE EDITOR.

always the necessary exceptions, less fitted to govern because they are more ignorant and indolent.

The only thing that it is necessary to do, in order that all the races—those that are called superior and those that are called inferior, of which the extraordinarily mixed population of Spanish America is composed—shall be as well fitted for a republic as the Yankees of North America is to diffuse education equally among them and stimulate their individuals to work for themselves by emancipating them from tutelage to others.

The European villains of the eleventh century were not less backward than the most miserable of our lowest social classes. The inferiority of their vassals was, for the feudal nobles, a fact beyond all question. Nevertheless, you see now to what the European villains have been able to attain, although they were very far from possessing, for their elevation, the powerful means of progress which we have at our disposal.

Schools, colleges and libraries, the publication of books, scientific and literary institutions of every kind designed to cultivate the intelligence, are indispensable preparations for causing Spanish-Americans to attain to the position that others have reached previously by taking advantage of such means.

The constitution of governments that do not govern too much, that do not centralize in their hands all the social forces, is the means to stimulate the dull activity of citizens and to cause each of them to contribute with all his resources to the general prosperity, instead of giving himself over to inactivity.

When all know and all work for the common good, it will be seen that the Indians and the mulattos are not the cause of the backwardness of the republics which came forth from the ancient Spanish colonies.

A not very profound glance reveals that what has in truth produced the admirable progress of the United States is the general diffusion of information among her inhabitants and the free and complete development of all their faculties.

The citizens of the great republic of the north have expressed with an original

phrase of theirs, *individual sovereignty*, the condition in which they have constituted themselves in order to draw everything—resources and protection—from themselves, from the energy of will which each displays.

Even the frightful crisis through which the United States is passing at present has been occasioned by the partial annulment of one of the great facts to which she owes her astounding progress: liberty. If Washington's country had not possessed slaves, it would not have had to endure the civil war which threatens to rend it.

In order to show that the greatness of the North Americans is a question, not of races, but of the diffusion of education, even among individuals of the lowest classes of the people, which permits each one to do in his own behalf and for the common good all that he wishes and is able to do, permit me to mention only two antecedents that bear on the case.

An eminent Swiss naturalist, Agassiz, a citizen of the United States, wrote in the preface of a work published in 1859, in which are discussed some of the most difficult and important questions of natural history, the following lines to which I call your attention:

This work is written in America, and more especially for America; and the community to which it is particularly addressed has very different wants from those of the reading public in Europe. There is not a class of learned men here, distinct from the other cultivated members of the community. On the contrary, so general is the desire for knowledge, that I expect to see my book read by operatives, by fisherman, by farmers, quite as extensively as by the students in our colleges or by the learned professions, and it is but proper that I should endeavor to make myself understood by all.⁹

This is the first of the facts to which I have alluded; here is the second.

A traveler, a fellow-countryman of ours and a member of the university, tells us that in the United States:

The coachmen carry with them dailies and other newspapers, and the porters have them, the servants read them, and even the market-women go through them every day. I was

⁹Agassiz: *An Essay on Classification*.

impressed, in the great markets of New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia, by seeing them in groups passing the time in examining the columns of the dailies.¹⁰

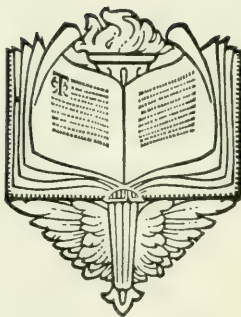
The testimony that I have just cited, in addition to being most respectable, because of the character of the author, is all the more worthy of belief because he notes the fact, not in order to praise it, but to condemn it.

The greatness of the United States is explained. A people whose individuals, even the least well off, must have reading as their daily bread, and who can without compulsion exercise all their faculties must speedily reach a high degree of civilization.

¹⁰Eizaguirre: *El catolicismo en presencia de sus disidentes*, volume I, chapter V.

Education and liberty are blessings that can be attained not by certain and determinate races, but by all the members of the human family who have the will.

When our laborers while away their idle moments by reading scientific works like those of Agassiz; when the women of our America feel the need of informing themselves daily regarding the political, religious, literary and commercial movements of the world; when our citizens acquire the habit of working for themselves, without waiting indolently for the governments to do everything, then, although whites, mulattos and Indians shall be treated with entire equality, we shall be as great and respectable as the greatest and most respectable of the earth.



THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE IN ARGENTINA

PHILOSOPHICAL IDEAS¹

BY

RUFINO BLANCO-FOMBONA

In studying the philosophical ideas that characterized the struggle for independence in Argentina, the author makes interesting comparison between the movement there and that in the Caribbean countries and México. He concludes that the revolution in the countries about the Río de la Plata and in México was, in the main, political and social, and not philosophical and religious, while in the Caribbean countries it was a universal upheaval, in the realm of thought and civil organization, as well as in that of action.—THE EDITOR.

SEVERAL characteristics set a distinguishing stamp upon the Argentine revolution, among the other American revolutions for freedom. The first characteristic that impresses a seal upon it is due to the geography of the country. Buenos Aires, the only port of all the republic, the only way of communication with the sea and with foreign countries, is also the only custom-house and center of national life. Commerce, politics, economics, public authority, are all concentrated there. The revolution assumed in Buenos Aires a more acute economic character than among the other peoples of the continent. People were concerned more there with customs rights than with the rights of man, wrote a Frenchman,² the historian of the revolution in America and of its men. Buenos Aires had endured so much under the economic system from which, for a long time and with greater or less rigor, it had suffered during the colonial centuries, that she knew by instinct and experience what was good for her in this respect. Her publicists of the period, Mariano Moreno, for example, spoke with a very clear vision of the interests of the country in the realm of political economy.³ Buenos Aires, with a presentiment from a very early day of her

great destiny, due, in the first place, to the good fortune of her geographical position as the gateway, port and custom-house of a vast and very rich country, soon made of herself a dominating and imperialistic city. To her imperialistic ambition she was to sacrifice the interior provinces, which were to repay her with hatred and civil war. Until the middle of the nineteenth century, a formula was not to be found for a peaceful coexistence.

The Argentine revolution, produced by the same external and internal causes as the revolution of the other American provinces, had, to a certain extent, a peculiar stamp in the realm of political and philosophical ideas. In the sphere of philosophical ideas, it was much more moderate than the revolution in Venezuela and Nueva Granada, where the principal military leaders—Miranda, Naríño, Bolívar, Páez, Bermúdez, Bircenío-Méndez, etc.—were, to a greater or less degree, free-thinkers. So also, to a greater or less extent, were the thinkers of the revolution: Attorney Sanz, Andrés Bello, Simón Rodríguez, the Liberator's Venezuelan teachers; Salias, Juan Germán Roscio, the canon, Madariaga, himself, who was to blossom out later as archbishop,⁴ and the other co-workers of April 19, 1810,

¹The illustrious director of the *Editorial-América*, don Rufino Blanco-Fombona, a most esteemed collaborator of *Cuba Contemporánea*, sends from Madrid in advance these interesting pages of his that are to go at the beginning of volume II, about to be published, of the *Vida de Bolívar*, by Larrazábal.—Note of *Cuba Contemporánea*.

²Monsieur Marius André.

³See *La representación de los hacendados* in the collection of Moreno's writings, published in the

Biblioteca Argentina, under the direction of Ricardo Rojas, Buenos Aires, 1915.

⁴To no one who knows the history of the ideas of the eighteenth century will it seem strange to find in the revolutionary América of 1810 Voltairian canons like the Spanish abbot, Marchena. They existed by the thousand: one of the most notable of them, if not the most notable, was Fray Servando Teresa de Mier, of México, a man of unquiet life and spirit,

the initial day of the Hispano-American revolution. Free-thinkers also were: Espejo, Peña, Muñoz-Tébar, Coto Paúl, and in general the members of the Sociedad Patriótica (Caracas, 1811), and many of the members of the national congress of Venezuela in 1811, a congress that declared for independence and drew up the first representative constitution known to the peoples of Spanish America.

Free-thinkers, with more or less violence, were Cristóbal Mendoza, Zea, Peñalver and in general the editors of the famous *Correo del Orinoco*, the journalistic organ of the revolution.⁵

Equally so also were other members of the Colombian revolution, such as the eminent Granadan, Camilo Torres; the Ecuadorian, José Joaquín de Olmedo; Manuel Palacio Fajardo, who was, chronologically, the first historian of Venezuela; García de Cena, also of Venezuela, like Palacio Fajardo, and the translator of the work of the Anglo-American atheist, Thomas Paine, in which this thinker, a friend of Miranda, justified the rupture of North America with England. This work of the atheist Paine, published in Philadelphia in the year 1776, and translated by García de Cena after 1811, was the catechism of rights for many Venezuelans.⁶

a friend and companion of the Rousseauite don Simón Rodríguez, in Europe. "On December 12 of the same year (1794)," says don Alfonso Reyes, "he pronounced in the presence of the viceroy and the archbishop a celebrated sermon upon the Virgen de Guadalupe, from which sprang his misfortunes. The archbishop had preaching begun nominally against the young theologian, who shortly afterward was imprisoned and tried."—*Memorias de fray Servando Teresa de Mier*, page VIII of the prologue, by don Alfonso Reyes, *Editorial-América*, Madrid.

⁵The publication of it was begun in Angostura del Orinoco (to-day Ciudad Bolívar), in 1817, when this place was taken by the liberating army, and Bolívar established there the temporary capital of the republic. With *El Correo del Orinoco* collaborated the most brilliant pens and the most intelligent minds of our revolution.

⁶José Félix Blanco, a colonel of the revolution, who began by being a priest, considered the work of the atheist Paine translated by García de Cena "as the primer," he says, "in which I began to learn the wise doctrine which since then I have professed, practised and taught as a good patriot."—*Documentos para la historia del Libertador*, volume III, page 445.

The Spanish historian Torrente, of absolutist opinions, writes, not without reason: "The attachment that the generality (of the masses) retains for the

In Venezuela, the political revolution and the philosophical revolution went hand in hand. From 1811, religious tolerance was proclaimed in Caracas—a case unique in the Spanish colonies—and heated polemics were waged in the press between free-thinkers and Catholics.⁷

The earthquake occurred in 1812, an earthquake which the royalist clergy exploited among the ignorant masses—and even among the cultured classes—as a chastisement of Heaven. The republicans urged the archbishop of Caracas, a Spaniard, named Coll y Pratt, to circulate among the faithful a pastoral letter, saying that an earthquake is a natural phenomenon, "an effect as common in the order of nature as raining, lightning, sleeting, etc."⁸ A discussion followed between the free-thinking rulers and the Catholic archbishop, who was finally constrained to obey. As, however, he did not do it to the entire satisfaction of the government, presided over by Miranda, it was decided to arrest and expel the prelate.⁹

monarchical régime, the custom of obeying a brilliant throne, the principles of religion and virtue for which the new government strove . . . all caused many to withdraw from the side of the regenerators."—Mariano Torrente: *Historia de la revolución hispano-americana*, volume I, page 139, Madrid, 1829.

⁷On February 19, 1811, the señor Guillermo Burke published in *La Gaceta de Caracas*, the official organ, a study upon the rights of the emancipation in South America and México. In this important and intelligent article, the religious question is discussed, and there is such an expression as there ought to have been regarding religious tolerance. It gave rise on this account to a very long polemic, in which took part even the archbishop and the university, if no longer royalist, nevertheless pontifical. The essence of the polemic (for us) consists in the fact that, from the beginning of 1811, Catholicism was discussed in Venezuela. The revolution was Voltairian. (See the documentation upon this polemic in J. F. Blanco and Ramón Azpurúa: *Documentos para la historia de la vida pública del Libertador*, volume III, pages 37-102, Caracas, 1876.)

⁸*Ibid.*, volume III, page 615.—These words are from the official communication that the minister of state *ad interim*, Antonio Muñoz-Tébar, passed to the archbishop, April 4, 1812.

⁹On April 5 the government incited the prelate for the second time to write the pastoral. Why did it urge him? For the influence that the clergy had among the masses and because the chief prelate in Venezuela ought to undo the harm of the alarmist and anti-republican preaching of the priests. On the tenth, the archbishop replied with evasions: "I know very well that rain, sleet, lightning and earthquakes are natural phenomena, but I do not know—and there is no one who doubts it—that the Author

As time passed, the Venezuelan revolution did not confine itself to the task of combating Catholicism as an instrument of social control. Bolívar, moving in advance of his time, which was the epoch of the idealogues, desired that a scientific criterion of a character useful to society—and not mere philosophic speculation—should exercise influence upon, and mold the thought of, the new generations. He took Lancaster to Colombia in order to found, as he did, schools in Caracas; he decreed in the universities of the republic a scientific plan of studies, making Bentham obligatory. Forty thousand copies of Bentham's works, translated into French, were sold in America by the house of Bossange up to the death of Bolívar in 1830.¹⁰ The Liberator caused the naturalist Bompland to come to America; he invited Humboldt; he offered Boussingault the direction of a scientific institute in Bogotá. The revolution in Venezuela, now continentalized—that is, made, first, Colombian, by union with Nueva Granada and Ecuador, and, afterward, American, by its alliance with the revolutionaries of the south under the hegemony of Colombia—carried throughout almost the entire continent its banner and led also everywhere with its armies, and with its ideas, even more than with its armies. Sucre closed

of nature, by governing, directing and removing his agents, employs them to chastise vice and to set right the heart of prevaricators." On the twenty-third, the archbishop officiated, Juan Germán Roscio, minister of state in possession, exacting the demanded pastoral. The archbishop answered on the twenty-sixth, saying that for lack of repose and an excess of occupations he had not written the pastoral. "I shall send it, however, with the least possible delay, and I shall inclose it to your Excellency for the purposes you suggest." Communications were still exchanged between the minister of grace and justice, F. F. Paúl, and the archbishop, Coll y Pratt. Finally, the latter wrote the pastoral and sent it to the government. The document, among other things, said: "What is certain and indubitable, and what we feel, is that God has punished us with the horrible destruction that we have experienced." The government, presided over by Miranda, prohibited the circulation of the pastoral, and it determined to arrest and expel the archbishop.—Blanco-Azpurúa: *Documentos*, volume III, pages 614-621.

¹⁰"Les discours prononcés dans les divers congrès prouvaient que les orateurs connaissaient ses ouvrages, dont la maison Bossange calculait, en 1830, avoir vendu en Amérique 40,000 volumes, rien que dans des traductions françaises."—Gervinus: *Histoire du XIX^e siècle* (Franch translation), volume VIII, page 14, Paris, 1864.

the convents in the northern provinces of the Río de la Plata, liberated by the army of Colombia, and he moralized the clerical small fry of that country with a strong hand.¹¹ One of his preoccupations, among that people in which the clergy had so much influence, consisted in upholding, within certain limits, the ecclesiastical influence. Thus, he wrote to the one who proposed the nomination of a vicar-general, suppressed by him in the army:

You desire that a vicar-general shall be appointed, and this is not the first effort. I have avoided doing so because it is the greatest mistake to give influence to the clergy in the army, in addition to what they have among the people. If to-day Doctor Córdova is liberal and there is a government that keeps the clergy within bounds, to-morrow the vicar will be a fanatic and it may be that there will exist a government that will make use of clerical influence, even among the troops themselves, to destroy public liberty.¹²

Bolívar—the civilizer—not only suppressed inquisitorial proceedings and destroyed legislations worthy of the Middle Ages, but he dictated the first civil and criminal codes of nearly all the republics of South America. In the countries rich in metals, the Liberator founded schools of mining. In the agricultural countries, he established schools of agriculture. In Perú, he created the first normal schools that were established in America.¹³ In

¹¹"They have told me that among the robbers who have been taken, there is a friar; and, as according to the law, these robbers ought to be judged militarily, so shall the friar be also. I give this notice in order that you may not on any account deliver him to another jurisdiction; and in case he may have been delivered, he is to be returned again in order to be judged by the council of war, in accordance with the last law of the congress. I shall be pleased and highly pleased that the first example to be made, severely and strongly, shall be of one of these youths." Chuquisaca, July 15, 1826.—*Documentos para la historia de Bolívar: Cartas del general Antonio José de Sucre*, published by a vote of the honorable Cámara de Diputados, page 70, La Paz, 1918.

¹²*Ibid.*, page 202.

¹³A Costa Rican normal school professor, an apostle of culture and a man of letters, J. García Monje, a short time ago—on the occasion when the congress of Costa Rica set apart, as a national holiday of the republic, the twenty-fourth of July, the day of the Liberator's birth, wrote:

"If any one is worthy of an enduring memory in the normal schools of this America, it is Bolívar, not only as the unrivaled eponymous hero, but also as one of the great men interested in the culture of these

Bolivia, he devoted the revenues of the bishopric of Charcas to the fostering of public instruction.

The chaplaincies *jure devoluto*, the major sacristies, orders, brotherhoods and pious memorials were applied as funds for education, without including other assignments made to houses of study.¹⁴

The philosophical ideas of the Liberator, not now personal, but as they applied to the state, may be observed in the constitution he wrote for Bolivia (1826), known by the name of the Bolivian constitution, and they were set forth in detail in the message he sent to the congress, accompanied by the statute. In the constitution, no religion of the state was imposed. Hitherto all the republics, without any exception, had established Catholicism as the national religion, and many of them, to the exclusion of every other form of worship. Bolívar took the first step, a gigantic step, toward the future by declaring, in his constitution for Bolivia, afterward accepted also in Perú, the laicization of the republic.¹⁵ The grounds upon which he based his action, set forth in the message, are of great interest, especially coming from him. "Religion is the law of conscience," said Bolívar. "Every law regarding it annuls it; because imposing the necessity of duty robs faith of merit. . . . To prescribe a religion is not in the province of the legislator."¹⁶

nations. He founded the first four normal schools of America, formulated upon the Lancasterian plan, as seminaries of the republic, nurseries of the teachers who were factors in these democracies, the makers of these countries."—*El Derecho*, San José, Costa Rica, August 15, 1918.

¹⁴Larrazábal: *Vida del Libertador*, volume II, page 315, New York, 1871.—"Solicitous in fostering public education as far as was possible, the Liberator showed more zeal than elsewhere in destroying vice, superstition and ignorance in the country that bears his name." . . . "Besides this decree, he issued another for the foundation of a college in each *departamento* and primary schools in the capitals of the provinces."—*Memorias del general O'Leary*, volume II, page 511, *Editorial-América*, Madrid, 1915.

¹⁵"He suppressed slavery and torture. He granted absolute religious freedom. Upon this point, his words are most eloquent."—Gabriel Alomar: *Las ideas capitales de Simón Bolívar*, in *El Imparcial*, of Madrid, number 18,565 (October 14, 1918).

¹⁶Here are some of Bolívar's arguments for not declaring a religion of the state:

"Legislators: I shall mention an article that, in

In the revolution of the north, then; in the revolution that descended to the southern extremes of the continent, with Bolívar at its head, from the mountains of Caracas, from the Granadan Andes, from the volcanos of Ecuador, went hand in hand—as had already been said—the political revolution: that is, this movement changed, with more radicalism than in any other part of America, political ideas, religious beliefs, social customs. It was genuine revolution.

my opinion, I ought to omit. In a political constitution, a religious profession ought not to be prescribed, because, according to the best doctrines upon fundamental laws, they are the guaranty of political and civil rights; and, as religion does not have to do with any of these rights, it is of an indefinable nature in the social order, and it pertains to intellectual morality. Religion governs man in the home, in the closet, within himself; it alone has the right to examine his innermost conscience. Laws, on the other hand, deal with the surface of things; they hold sway only outside the citizen's house. Applying these considerations, can a state dominate the consciences of subjects, see to the fulfilment of religious laws and apply rewards and punishments, when the tribunals are in heaven and when God is the judge? The inquisition would only be capable of replacing them in this world. Shall the inquisition return again with its lighted fagots?

"Religion is the law of conscience. Every law regarding it annuls it; because imposing the necessity of duty robs faith of merit; and faith is the basis of religion. Sacred precepts and dogmas are useful, luminous and metaphysically evidential. All of us ought to profess them; but this duty is moral, and not political.

"On the other hand, what are the rights of man in respect of religion? They are in heaven; there the tribunal rewards merit and metes out justice according to the code the Legislator has dictated. All this being of divine jurisdiction, it seems to me at first sight sacrilegious and profane to mix our ordinances with the commandments of the Lord.

"Therefore to prescribe a religion is not in the province of the legislator; for he must fix punishments for those who break the laws, in order that they may not be mere counsels. There being no temporal punishments and no judge to apply them, the law ceases to be a law." (Read the whole message in Simón Bolívar: *Discursos y proclamas*, pages 98-114, Paris, 1913).

Bolívar, however, on more than one occasion, had to repress, as it was his duty to do as a ruler, the acts of fanatics who were disrespectful toward religion. Thus, one day, in Perú, he ordered an official to employ "all his authority to suppress any one who might attack the Catholic religion in its dogma, its discipline or its ministers." He himself gave an example of his respect for the acts of worship.—*Diario de Bucaramanga*, by L. Perú de Lacroix, page 90, Ollendorff, Paris.

Finally, in view of social realities, he sought support for the stability of institutions, against the attacks of destructive barbarism and rampant anarchy, in the intensification of moral ideas which, in the minds of the people of the country, were confounded with religious ideas.

In the provinces of the extreme south, Chile and Argentina, there could not have been observed in general, as there could not have been in México, a similar movement of ideas. Who were the most noted generals of the United Provinces? Belgrano and San Martín. Well and good; General Belgrano, a fervid believer, forced his soldiers to pray, and he proclaimed, with pomp and solemnity, the Virgen de las Mercedes as the generaless of the army, as the indigenous hordes of the priest Hidalgo in México proclaimed as their patroness another virgin, that of Guadalupe.¹⁷ General San Martín also obliged his soldiers to keep up the religious ceremonies and to count their beads daily, recalling what he had seen in the Spain of Carlos IV; and, in imitation of Belgrano, he solemnly proclaimed, as the patroness of the army he was leading, a virgin: the Virgen del Carmen.¹⁸

¹⁷The choice of the Virgen de las Mercedes as the generaless of the Argentine army, and the ceremony in which Belgrano put his staff of command between the hands of the image and followed her through the streets of Tucumán in procession, accompanied by the troops, were patently ridiculous. (See the description in Paz: *Memorias póstumas*, pages 113-114.)—As to México: the Indians of Hidalgo fought to the cry of "Long live the Virgen de Guadalupe! Death to the *gachupines* (Spaniards)!" The Spaniards, no less fanatic than the Indians, and as a political means, or for both reasons, raised for battle, over against the standard of the Virgen de Guadalupe, the standard of another virgin: the Virgen de los Remedios.—Regarding the character of Hidalgo's war and his ideas and those of his troops, see Francisco Bulnes: *La guerra de independencia*, México, 1910.

¹⁸San Martín, although not so fervent and sincere a believer as Belgrano, imitated to the letter Belgrano's ceremony: the procession of the virgin on a litter, the troops accompanying her with the general, the placing of the staff of command in the hands of the image: all was a copy of Belgrano's frank spontaneity. (See D. Hudson: *Recuerdos históricos*, in *Revista de Buenos Aires*, volume V, pages 183 and following.—"The image of the elect patroness came from the convent of San Francisco, borne upon a litter, to meet the column, accompanied by all the regular and secular clergy, and guarded by the bayonets of the new soldiers; and at the head of the procession marched the captain-general, with the intendant governor, the cabildo, the civil employees and the people in mass. In the mother church was deposited the banner embroidered by the Mendocian dames and adorned by them with precious stones. After blessing it, according to the ritual of the ordinance, as likewise the general's staff of command, the general fastened the banner to the staff, and a salvo of twenty-one guns saluted its elevation. San Martín placed his baton in the right hand of the image, as Belgrano had done, on the eve of the battle of Salta, with the

The man of the colony, the employee of the viceroys, for whom there was no Bacon or Locke or Montesquieu or Voltaire or Rousseau or encyclopedists, stands revealed in Belgrano's letter to San Martín regarding the practices of piety:

" . . . Do not fail to implore Nuestra Señora de las Mercedes, naming her always as generaless, and do not forget the scapularies for the troops. . . . Remember that you are a Christian, apostolic, Roman, general; see to it that in nothing, even in the most trivial conversations, shall there be any lack of respect in whatever may be said about our holy religion."¹⁹

Belgrano, a man of good faith, was not satisfied with preaching to others, but he strove to create a fervent religious sentiment. He was unyielding in this respect with the troops he commanded. The scapularies served at times as the device of his army; and woe to the neglectful soldier! The gentle Belgrano became (in this respect) a demon. "*The scapularies*," an officer of those forces recalled, "*came to be a war device; if any one had lost them*," on the eve of the action of Salta, "*he took good care to procure himself others, because it would have been dangerous to go about without them*."²⁰

Doctor Gregorio Funes was one of the personages of greatest reputation and of

Virgen de las Mercedes, the generaless of the army."—Mitre: *Historia de San Martín*, volume II, page 147, third edition, Buenos Aires.

¹⁹The ecclesiastical historian who transcribed the letter added: "San Martín, following the counsels of the Christian Belgrano, always kept alive the religious sentiment in the army."—A Piaggio: *La influencia del clero en la independencia argentina*, Barcelona, 1912, pages 160-161.

²⁰José María Paz: *Memorias póstumas*, page 114.—It is curious to learn how this imposition of the scapularies was effected upon the army. "As soon as the battalion or regiment left its quarters," said an eye-witness, "it was taken to the street in which the church of La Merced is situated. In its court, there was already prepared a table dressed with the image, in front of which was forming the corps that was about to set out on the march. Then many hundred scapularies were brought out upon trays and distributed to the leaders, officers and troops, who placed them upon their uniforms and military insignia."—Paz: *op cit.*, page 114.—Felipe II could have exacted no more of his regiments. Yet Belgrano and his armies did not live in the sixteenth century; they were the agents of a democratic revolution in the full blaze of the nineteenth century.

solid talent in the revolution of the Plata. He secularized, previous to 1810, the studies of the university of Córdoba, of which he was the rector. He was, however, a fervent and militant Catholic.

He always upheld the conception of the *Unam Santam Catholicam Ecclesiam*, and he combated the civil constitution of the clergy, "because," as he wrote Bolívar on December 26, 1825, "it proposes to introduce among us the whole Lutheran system and to cause a separation between that church and the Roman."²¹

Funes had a brother named Ambrosio. "What was the first thing that Ambrosio Funes asked of the revolutionary government? Simply the restoration of the Jesuits,"²² expelled by the encyclopedist government of Carlos III.

The Argentine congress of 1813 was attended by a great number of priests. "The towns . . . were almost all represented by clergymen in that august corporation."²³

The congress of 1816, which succeeded that of 1813, was attended by eighteen priests, among twenty-nine participants in the assembly; that is, the majority of the congress consisted of ecclesiastics, as patriotic, in other respects, as the laymen.²⁴

A French historian of the American revolution called this body "a congress of theologians."²⁵

The religious sentiment, of which the Argentines²⁶ are to-day ashamed without

reason, seemed at that time to be in general dissociated from all the political pre-occupation of the moment; that is, the majority did not show themselves to be religious for political purposes—although in certain persons and at times this might have occurred—but from a sincere and spontaneous movement of the heart.

See how the official organ of the assembly of Tucumán (1816) describes the opening of the congress: The sovereign congress of the United Provinces (was opened) on the twenty-fifth (of March), 1816, "which our mother-church consecrates to the memory of the adorable mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God." "As soon as the sovereign congress had taken its chosen place, and next all the corporations, the mass of thanksgiving was sung to the God of the patria, the sovereign Author of all good, and a sacred prayer was said by Doctor Manuel Antonio Acevedo, the representative of the city of Catamarca, and this solemn function was concluded by the chant *Te Deum Laudamus*, which stirred the gratitude and the tenderness of the people, devout spectators of this august ceremony."²⁷

Religious interest is to be noted on the Río de la Plata, since, prior to 1810, the Rioplatensians told European sailors that they desired to constitute themselves "into an independent kingdom, with a constitution of their own and under the Catholic religion."²⁸

What else? A revolutionary as radical as Mariano Moreno, "*l'enfant terrible*" of the revolution of Buenos Aires, did not wish any one to write against religion, and he spread the ideas of Rousseau, translating *Le contrat social*, with a slight suppression: the suppression of everything that opposed Catholic ideas. It is well to hear Moreno's own words. On June 21, 1810, he wrote, in the *Gaceta de Buenos Aires*, upon the liberty of the press. He

short time ago in the historic house of the congress, only two friars appear."—*Op. cit.*, pages 235-236. (See the whole of chapter IX, entitled: "The Clergy in the Assemblies.")

²⁷Piaggio: *op. cit.*, pages 209-210.

²⁸*Archives of the English Government: Colonial office: Miscellaneous*, 1807, number 593; quoted by C. A. Villanueva in *Bolívar y el general San Martín*, page 7, Ollendorff, Paris.

²¹J. F. V. Silva: *op. cit.*, page 111.

²²José Ingenieros: *El déan Gregorio Funes*, in *Nosotros*, number 112, Buenos Aires, September, 1918.

²³A. Piaggio: *Op. cit.*, page 206.

²⁴The computation can be found in Piaggio: *op. cit.*, pages 205 and 213.

²⁵Marius André: work on the press.

²⁶"While the Argentine historians," said Piaggio, "have not indicated the sacerdotal state of the majority of the congressmen of Tucumán, painting and engraving have set themselves to deceive the people. Who, as he contemplates one of those pictures in which the solemn scene of the oath of independence is presented, would believe that the majority of those who were taking the oath belonged to the clergy? For there hardly appear four or five berobed figures, pleading, as it were, for permission to swear, and ashamed to find themselves so much alone in that numerous assembly!" . . . "As if this were too little, even bronze has lent itself, in these latter days, to the historical lie against the memory of the clergymen who took part in the famous congress of Tucumán. In a bas-relief, placed a

there proclaimed "freedom and liberty to speak upon every subject *that shall not be opposed in any way to the sacred truths of our religion.*"²⁹ When this militant revolutionary translated *Le contrat social*, he took care to expurgate it and he set forth in the prologue:

As the author had the misfortune to talk nonsense regarding religious questions, I have suppressed the chapter and the principal passages in which he had treated of them.³⁰

Nevertheless, in Argentina they did not go so far as they went in México. In México, where as late as in 1821 the democratic spirit was absent from the leaders,³¹ Morelos, who called the capital of the United States "the court of Washington" (as Pueyrredón called Santiago "the court of Chile"), adopted the pontifical title of "servant of the nation." The revolutionist Rayón, who was not a priest, like the brave Morelos, but a lawyer, went further than the great warrior clergyman: Rayón pronounced, in 1812, against liberty of thought and religious tolerance, and he proposed to found a tribunal, patterned after the inquisition.³² The congress that promulgated the Mexican constitution in 1814 (October) achieved the incredible: it

restored the Jesuits, gave exclusive and legal predominance to Catholicism and in the national constitution it declared that "heretics, apostates and foreigners who are not Catholics, may not be citizens."³³

There independence, in order to triumph, had to be propitiated by the higher clergy. No; in Argentina they did not go so far as that; but how different from the revolution and revolutionists of Venezuela! They struggled and died for other ideas, they spoke another language and they held and preached other doctrines, both in philosophy and in politics. Apart from the desire for independence, what was there in common? The revolution of Venezuela and Nueva Granada remained unique in respect of its republican quality, unique in respect of philosophical ideas, unique in respect of martial audacity, unique in respect of the number of battles fought, unique in respect of the quality and quantity of the persons who led it, unique in respect of the sacrifices it cost, unique in respect of the mass of enemies, whether Americans or Europeans, it faced, unique in respect of the universal influence it exercised. With reason, from the absolutist and Spanish point of view, a European historian has written as follows:

The capital of the province of Venezuela has been the chief forge of the American insurrection. Its vivifying climate has produced the most political and daring men, the most enterprising and pushing, the most vicious and intriguing and those most distinguished for the precocious development of their intellectual faculties. The liveliness of these natives rivals their voluptuousness, their genius, their playfulness, their dissimulation, their astuteness, the vigor of their pens, the precision of their thoughts, the stimulus of glory, the ambition for command, their sagacity, their malice. With such elements, it is not to be wondered at that this country (Venezuela) should have been the most marked of all in the annals of modern revolution.³⁴

There are not lacking, however, on the Plata revolutionaries who understood how to overturn society from its foundations. They recognized that without modifications in the realms of ideas there could have been

²⁹See this article, among other writings of Moreno's, in the work in which Ricardo Rojas has collected them, under the title: *Doctrina democrática*, edition of the *Biblioteca Argentina*, pages 117-118, Buenos Aires, 1915.

³⁰*Ibid.*, page 301.

³¹"This was not the national sentiment." (Reference is made to the foundation of a democratic republic like that of Colombia).—*México: Su evolución social* (a work written in collaboration, under the direction of Justo Sierra), volume I, page 164, México, 1900.

³²In 1812, Rayón was preparing a bill for a statute. What was proposed in it? The classic historian of México, Alamán, was to tell us: "The object of that bill was to consolidate and perpetuate the authority of the junta. Its first article was to declare that the Catholic religion would be the only one permitted, without any tolerance. In the future articles, it would be enacted that the *dogma would be maintained by the vigilance of a tribunal of the faith*, under a regulation in accordance with the spirit of ecclesiastical discipline. It was to be recognized that sovereignty sprang directly from the people, but that it inhered in the person of Fernando VII and its exercise in the junta or supreme American national council."—Lucas Alamán: *Historia de Méjico desde los primeros movimientos que prepararon su independencia en 1808 hasta la época presente* (five volumes), Imprenta de J. M. Lara, México, 1849-1852, volume III, pag 46-547.

³³*México: Su evolución social*, volume I, page 150.

³⁴Mariano Torrente: *Historia de la revolución hispano-americana*, volume I, page 50, Madrid, 1829.

no social changes or new foundations for colonies that desired to form themselves into sovereign states. The most brilliant of these revolutionaries was probably Monteagudo, counselor later of General San Martín.³⁵

There were others, although not with sufficient cohesion or will or in great enough numbers to impress themselves upon that society, already prepared, however, in its best elements and in spite of appearances, for a renewal of ideas. It can not be believed or affirmed that men like Pueyrredón, Moreno, Rivadavia, etc., or even less, Monteagudo, were very fervid believers. They worked, almost all, however, as if they were. Policy? Possibly; but the diffusion of modern ideas, which removed the support of the old régime from a very early time, was also a work of

policy and wisdom. The revolution in Argentina did not wear at that time the aspect of a philosophical struggle: it was what they desired to prove.

As for the rest, let it not be believed—for it would be to fall into an error—that the revolution in the Rioplatensian provinces was systematically clerical. It was not. What characterized it was a lack of philosophical disquietude, although circumstances, the minority of completely emancipated minds and time caused the modern spirit to triumph there at length, in the realm of philosophical ideas, as the same reasons and some others caused the republican and democratic tendency to triumph, in spite of the monarchical oligarchies of Buenos Aires. In 1813, the national sentiment regarding religious affairs vibrated splendidly, and the assembly of that year decreed that no foreign ecclesiastical authority had a right to be obeyed in the country. Argentina therefore continued to have, as other nations already had, a sort of temporary national church. The Rioplatensian bishops, like the bishops of the other nations of our America, recovered in those days their primitive authority. Thus there was a return in Argentina—as in other nations of America, as a result of circumstances—to the primitive times of Christianity.³⁶

In a greater or less degree, the same preoccupations, the same ideas, influenced the societies of the south that influenced the other provinces of Spanish America. Among Argentines and Chileans, as among the rest of the Americans, the mother-country offered attractions and to her went those whose fortune enabled them to leave the colony for a while, or they sent their children there to polish their minds and manners. Besides, Americans who went to Europe were compelled to land in Spain. The trips exercised therefore upon Chileans and Argentines the same beneficent and liberalizing influence as upon other novomundanes. Also Argentines and Chileans, like the other Amer-

³⁵ On January 19, 1813, Monteagudo pronounced before the Sociedad Patriótica, of Buenos Aires, christened thus after the likeness of the Sociedad Patriótica, of Caracas, in 1810, a discourse of revolutionary and anticlerical profundity indeed. Monteagudo was speaking in honor of Venezuela, destroyed by the earthquake of 1812 (March 26), and upon the occupation of Caracas by the king's troops. He apostrophized there the archbishop of Caracas, who worked devotedly for the cause of Fernando VII, with exclamations of terrible vehemence: "Impostor and perjurer prelate," he called him; and he set his face furiously against the clergy of Venezuela, who took advantage of the ruin of the republic to preach submission to the king. It is said that this discourse of Monteagudo's was of political profundity, because in it Monteagudo gave expression to his feeling and understanding of how necessary American solidarity was in the presence of the foreign enemy. He chanted a hymn in honor of Venezuela, which he called "the heroic people of the nineteenth century." . . . "How just it is, citizens, to weep over the destiny of a people who, after giving to America the first signal of alarm in the glorious upheaval of April 19, 1810; after giving to the world an example of heroism, virtue and fraternity in the august sanction of July 5, 1811 (declaratory of independence); after raising, on December 31 of the same year, an eternal monument to philosophy and equity, by establishing a constitution capable in itself alone of justifying our pride and of honoring American genius . . . reaps misfortune by the action of a geological phenomenon." Monteagudo continued his hymn in honor of a people who, he said, had "shown itself great in its efforts, admirable in the rapidity of its enterprises, wise in the perfection of its designs, and who has had the misfortune to be the victim, at one and the same time, of a catastrophe of nature and of the cruelty of its external enemies. Monteagudo, as a proof of American solidarity, invited his fellow-countrymen to fulfil this oath: "to avenge with the extermination of the race of the oppressors in Caracas." (See Bernardo Monteagudo: *Obras políticas*, pages 265-270, edition of *Biblioteca Argentina*, directed by Ricardo Rojas, Buenos Aires, 1916.)

³⁶ Regarding questions of patronage, the assembly adopted different resolutions, which amounted in a certain way to a schism, or at least, to the creation of an independent church."—Ricardo Rojas: *La argentinidad*, page 339, Buenos Aires, 1916.

icans, introduced many contraband books during the last century of the colonial period. In those isolated colonies, there did not exist perhaps the same facilities as in the other colonies nearer to Europe, such as the United States and the colonies along the Caribbean sea. Nevertheless, the proximity of Brazil and the presence of English smugglers favored, generally in the countries of the Plata, the introduction of books.

A certain part of the clergy in Argentina and Chile, as in the other Spanish colonies of America, was not that which was the least curious regarding the things of the spirit, nor that which least concerned itself surreptitiously with works by forbidden authors. When the public library of Buenos Aires was founded by Mariano Moreno, during the early days of the revolution, a very interesting case arose: many clergymen, stimulated by Moreno, participated as donors, some with books that it would be surprising to find in that country, at that time and in those hands, to those who were not aware of the infiltration of philosophical and literary culture in the Spanish colonies of America during the eighteenth century.

So we note that a priest presented to the Buenos Aires library Pliny's *Naturalis historia*; another, *La vida de los filósofos ilustres*, by Diógenes Laercio; others, treatises upon chemistry and botany. A certain parish priest presented a *Dictionnaire de la Académie française*, and another—a singular enough case—the complete works of Locke, and, to cap the climax, in English.³⁷

In spite of its moderation in point of philosophical radicalism, the Argentine revolution was branded as antireligious. This was, throughout all America, the policy of the ultramontane royalists who foresaw the termination of their reign and their ideas. "Besides being political,

the war they waged upon us was religious," said General Paz in his memoirs.³⁸

There was not lacking in Argentina an occasional revolutionary of little brains who, instead of carrying on a propaganda of ideas, dragged or permitted to be dragged, like Castelli in Upper Perú, the crosses from the churches, thus gaining for himself the public hatred.³⁹ This Castelli, a politic or rather, an impolitic satyr, discredited by his conduct the ideas he represented. Both because of his salacity and his mocking in a frightful and absurd manner the religious sentiment of the Indians and other social classes—and besides because of his incapacity as a soldier—Castelli rendered himself repugnant in the Argentine provinces and to the troops of Buenos Aires. It was necessary to bring him to trial. The honesty of other Argentine patriots hastened, by merely observing a circumspect conduct respecting the faith of others and by manifesting their own, to the support of the revolutionary doctrine. Thus disappeared from the north of the United Provinces the false idea that the independent armies were irreligious. "The idea of unbelief that was attributed to the leaders and officers . . . gradually vanished and it was at length entirely dissipated."⁴⁰

³³*Memorias póstumas del general José María Paz*, page 102, *Editorial-América*, Madrid.—When the royalist general, Goyeneche, a son of Perú, entered Chuquisaca as the conqueror of the Argentines, "he did not wish," Paz relates, "to go to lodge in the palace of the presidency that the latter (Castelli) had inhabited, without its being previously purified with exorcisms and other ceremonies of the church. As a consequence, there occurred a kind of procession, in which the priests marched with sacred ornaments, incensories, lighted tapers and a plentiful supply of holy water."—Page 103.

³⁹"When the army (Argentine) retired defeated at Desaguadero, Castelli lingered some days in Chuquisaca, and his aids . . . , passing one night by a church, saw a cross in the portico, in front of which the devout were placing lights. One of them declaimed against the ignorance and fanaticism of those people, and another proposed, in order to illustrate, to pull down the cross and destroy it. They did so, dragging a piece of it through the street.—Paz: *op. cit.*, page 64.

⁴⁰Paz: *op. cit.*

³⁷See the donation in Piaggio, *op. cit.*, pages 188, 191, 194.

How good are you at filling "brain-gaps"?

9 times 2 is 18 Put down 8 and carry 1
 9 times 4 is 36 and 1 make 37 Put down 7 and carry 3
 9 times 3 is 27 and 3 make 30 Put down 0 and carry 3
 9 times 6 is 54 and 3 make 57 Put down 7 and carry 5
 9 times 4 is 36 and 5 make 41 Put down 1

Second line:

6 times 2 is 12 Put down 2 and carry 1
 6 times 4 is 24 and 1 make 25 Put down 5 and carry 2
 6 times 3 is 18 and 2 make 20 Put down 0 and carry 2
 6 times 6 is 36 and 2 make 38 Put down 8 and carry 3
 6 times 4 is 24 and 3 make 27 Put down 7

Now add:

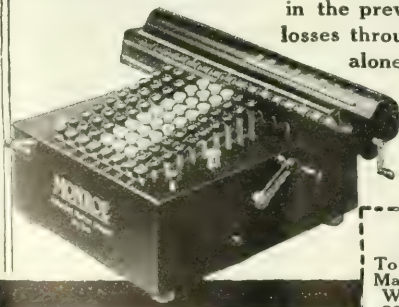
Put down 8 2 and 7 are 9 Put down 9 5 and 0 are 5
 Put down 5 0 and 7 are 7 Put down 7 8 and 1 are 9
 Put down 9 7 and 4 are 11 Put down 1 and carry 1
 1 and 2 are 3 Put down 3

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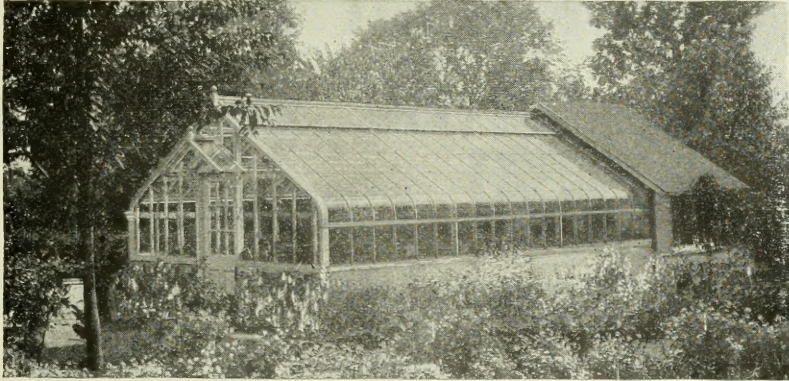
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The construction is simple, durable and practicable.

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The cost of the Greenhouse without the Workroom is \$2100.

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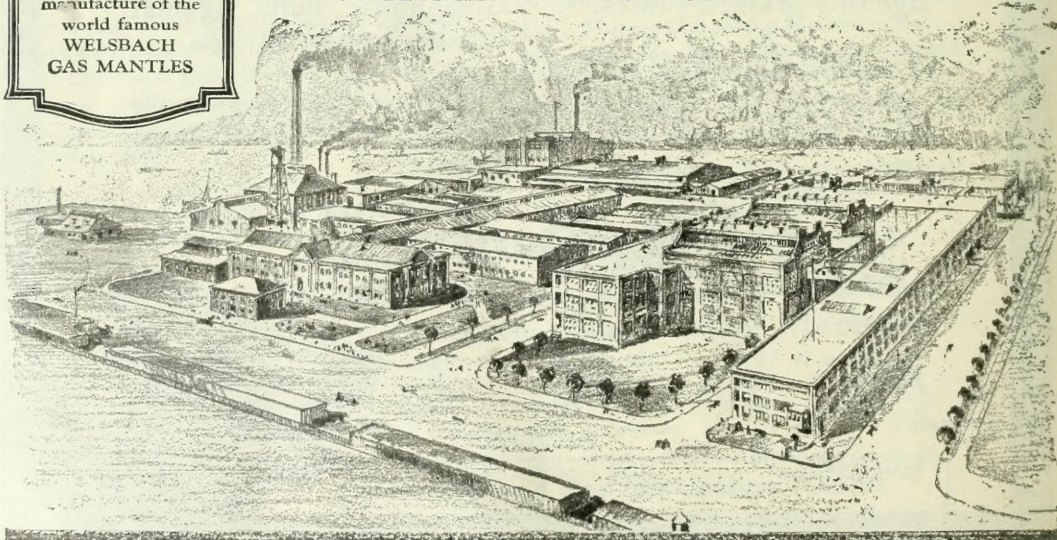
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She knows for instance that brushing is needed for many kinds of cleaning; that threads, hair and lint imbedded in a rug cannot be taken up by suction alone, but must first be loosened by a brush. She knows too, that a carpet tracked with mud cannot be satisfactorily cleaned unless it is brushed before the suction is applied.

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